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## LITERATURE.

### THE FORCED POPULARITY OF LITERARY MEN.

No idea can be falser or more absurd than that contained in the celebrated lines of Gray,  
'How many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air,'  
when it is used as a lament over men of talent, whose genius has not brought them before the public; but the sentiment, whether conveyed by the above lines, or through any other medium, is so consonant with the dictates of human vanity, and in such perfect unison with the common doctrines of the world, that it can hardly fail to give strong hold of minds untutored in a better philosophy. It has therefore become a received maxim, that the higher powers of mind are bestowed in vain, when they shed no visible lustre in the name of him who enjoys them, and that surely are they the children of misfortune, who have a noble comprehension of the beauty of nature, or the glories of universal truth, but who have not, at the same time, the homage of the public. The fallacy of this opinion is not greater than its tendency is bad. In leading men to imagine that, to be happy, or prove the strength of their minds, they must be successful in the pursuit of fame the best and worthiest motive for the cultivation of the intellect is taken away, and applied by one base and degrading. The acquisition of notoriety is put before the purification of the heart by the contemplation of virtue; and the praises of mankind, before the deep and holy merriment, or the bright and splendid visions, which knowledge bestows, when pursued for its own sake. If truth be of any real worth, they who can find it are a great and ample reward for all their labours. If imagination, in its bright and happy moods, elevates the mind above the every-day objects and cares of life, he to whom she makes her relations may well be content with the privileges she possesses. The praises of the world may be sought and sought for; popularity may be the prize for which the hard and unceasing battle is fought; or wealth and distinction be the still more desired object: but who will doubt that an ambition of this kind is the leaven of genius; and that, in whatever proportion it mixes with the other aspirations of the intellect, it deadens or diverts them? Were the maxim to which we are led founded only on the idea that all mental movements should be made serviceable to public good, and that, therefore, they who possess them, are not brought forward, are unfortunate,—the judgment would be a noble one, and calculated to stimulate men with the best and highest motives to exertion; but it is not on such a principle as this that men of talent who live in obscurity, are pitied. They are regarded as their birthright, and praise enriches the legal payment of every exercise of their thoughts. It is not the quantity of good they may effect in the course of their lives, but the reputation they leave behind them, that is made the measure of their fair or ill fortune. It is not asked how much brighter shone the light of happiness around them, lit up as it was by grand thoughts and powerful feeling, but how much evil they suffered from the want of that happiness in the world, which, if really necessary to the comfort of men of great minds, renders them more servile, and more the creatures of popular caprice, than any beings that exist. There is no reason, therefore, more important for a man of

ability to learn, than the true and proper worth of his ability; the aid which it brings to insure and increase his happiness, independent of the world; the importance, in fact, of the gifts of nature unenlarged and undiminished by the casualties of fortune. Superior mental powers are conferred, we may suppose, for the purpose either of increasing the means of happiness to the individual who possesses them, or of endowing him with a power of diffusing happiness and knowledge among his fellow-beings. When the latter is the case, the faculties which enable him to embrace a wide view of things, to collect and harmonise different species of truths, or contemplate external nature with a keener gaze than others, are generally found united with those that propel the mind forward in its destined course, and give activity and hardihood to all the others. Minds of this class are formed for action. They are fitted with a complete intellectual armour for the contest. They have their portion of happiness thrown into the busy and tumultuous world, that they may, in seeking for it, make their voices heard in the defence of truth, or the enlargement of knowledge. Should they meet with repulses in all their efforts; be left to sink under a load of private ill; and, with consciousness of power, be doomed to live a life of obscurity,—their spirits may well chafe against the tyranny of circumstance, and they who have known their worth, lament over their fate. But there are other qualities of mind besides those which fit a man for the public defence of truth, or which have their proper objects in the world only; qualities of mind which may number their possessor among the gifted ones of the earth, but the genuine fruits of which are happy dispositions, thoughts tuned to the measures of a pure philosophy, and the hopes and aspirations of the heart rendered more sublime and sure. Of such are the powers of the imagination, the intellectual habits which wed the mind to contemplation, and the tendencies of thought which make it find beauty and harmony in whatever part of creation becomes presented to it. There may be added to qualities like these, the endowment of a power to develop them in language; but the one may be possessed without the other, or they may be enjoyed undiminished in value or excellency, though the world should know nothing of their existence. A mind so constituted is 'all glorious within.' It gathers its wealth in its free course through the bright fields of existence, and its strength from an aliment of unalloyed truth. Its legitimate employment is collecting the external images of a higher order of things, and comparing them in its retirement. Its happiness is in communicating with universal being.

To suppose that men endowed with minds of this character, must obtain public notice, or miss the great end of their creation, is obviously an absurdity. To suppose that their felicity depends upon it, is, in every way, equally so. The nearer the human mind approaches its proper perfection, and the nobler the qualities which characterise it, the more perfectly are manifested the attributes of its divine Creator; and its developed powers reflect his benevolence in all their operations. Its capabilities are an evidence of its being more perfect in its kind, than others less finely tempered; and its existence, thus endowed, thus having in itself the demonstration written of its high origin, is the primary fulfilment of its Creator's counsel. That the happiness of such minds

is not deducible from any public reputation, is proved from the nature of the objects they are fitted to pursue. Whatever they admire or venerate is separated from the multitude, or different from the things sought for by men of an opposite character. A light is upon their paths, which shows them nature under a brighter aspect. Their hearts are warmed by passions deeper and intenser than other men's, because their eyes are fixed on lovelier or more brilliant forms; and their fancies create a world of their own, because they look for more fragrant flowers, and a sweeter music, than they meet with in this. To insure their happiness, therefore, it is not publicity or praise that is to be obtained, but the more tranquil enjoyment of intellectual pleasure, and the possession of objects which may harmonise with or assist the creations of their mind. The moment popularity becomes their ruling passion, they have turned, from the glowing prospects and happy valleys of fairy-land, to pursue the track of a sterile desert. They no longer love truth for its own sake, or worship at the shrine of an eternal and unchanging beauty with the delight of faithful votaries. Their spirits may be as strong, their hearts as quick and throbbing; but there is a cloud upon the one, and deceit in the other. They have lost the true secret of their happiness and greatness. The glorious gifts with which they have been enriched from heaven, are become to them of less value than the stray favours of mankind. They were made more independent of fortune than all the other inhabitants of the world; more free, because of nobler natures; and they bow themselves, in the darkest error of selfishness, as the subjects of popular taste.

There are few vices in the literary character which may not be traced to an over-eager desire for general reputation. But, however differently it may act, in this respect, on minds differently circumstanced, its influence, in diminishing the happiness which is proper to their nature, is universal. By making popularity the aim of their existence, the good which belongs to all men of enlarged minds, or possessing any particular endowment, is obtained only by a few, and then not pure and unmixed. One or two disappointed hopes, or baffled efforts at obtaining notice, poison the whole cup of life. The unsuccessful candidate for fame is regarded with a species of contempt by his associates, whom he is, perhaps, very superior to in intellect; and he himself turns in disgust from the exercise of powers, which, if kept to their proper objects, the enlargement of his views, and the amelioration of his heart, might have ensured him a happiness deep, permanent, and satisfying.

Literary ambition, therefore, unless purified of its evil qualities, by being united with a more than ordinary degree of high morality, is prejudicial to the finest intellects. It is, however, in reference to those who have not originally any strong desire for publicity, or who have been regarded as unfortunate for the want of fame, that our observations have been made. Were we to be able, at one glance, to estimate the greatness or dignity of men's minds, we should, it is certain, find many in obscurity deserving of honour; many without either popularity or wealth capable of enjoying thought in its highest moods. In all that they might benefit the world by their being brought before the public, there is an argument in favour of their popularity; but, in every point which re-

gards their felicity, or the enlargement and nobleness of their intellect, there is one against it. He whose heart is warmed with the love of the great and the beautiful, who is the devoted scholar of truth, the delighted votary of nature in all her paths,—has sufficient employment for his mind, and happiness enough for life. Let him be brought into public notice: can he see nature with a lighter heart, or pursue truth with a freer step? The proper office for patronage in such a case, if patronage be wanted, is, to aid the development of whatever is noblest in the intellect, and to enlarge its comprehension of truth, that it may be loved with more ardour, and sought for with more confidence.

#### REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

##### GREEK HISTORIANS.

*Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio, à Vaticanicis Codicibus edita, &c.* Pp. 716. Rome, 1828.

THE following account of the New Texts of Greek Historians, discovered in the Vatican, appeared, we understand, in some French literary journal a few days ago. It is of great interest to the classical scholar: we therefore give it as we received it. Knowing the source whence it comes, we can answer for its authenticity.

To the indefatigable Mr. Mai are we indebted for having extracted, from the dust of the *Palimpsestes*, these new texts. These manuscripts upon parchment, which were rubbed out many centuries ago, for the purpose of receiving new writing, have not yet restored to us all the treasures of the ancient manuscripts. Mr. Mai, celebrated for many years as a decipherer of these *Palimpsestes*, has already published a great many works of this kind, which have enriched, to a high degree, the editions of Cicero, Plautus, Symmachus, Fronton, and Marcus Aurelius. The gentleman we speak of is the Prefect of the Library of the Vatican, and, in 1825, he commenced publishing a collection, in quarto, of Greek works hitherto unknown to the world, and extracted from the MSS. confided to his care. The first volume consists of different productions by ecclesiastical authors, among which are several by Eusebius and of Photius. There is only one profane work in the collection, namely, a reply from the rhetorician Aristides to a speech of Demosthenes. This volume, although interesting in elucidating sacred history, could not, of necessity, excite the same feelings of curiosity as the second volume which has just appeared, and, being extracted almost entirely from the *Palimpsestes*, consists only of profane authors. These pieces, which were announced since 1820, are principally taken from the immense collection of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. In the tenth century, a period of profound ignorance in the whole of the Western Empire, this Greek emperor, a protector of letters, but not a very skilful one, caused a number of compilers, under the superintendance of a person named Theodosius, to make methodical extracts from the historians which were arranged under different titles, and formed fifty-three sections, of which a few have been preserved. Two were already known; that of 'The Embassies,' and that of 'Virtues and Vices.' Mr. Mai now publishes a third, 'The Sentences,' which will not prove of less utility than the two others, and will enrich the annals of antiquity with several unknown facts.

Every body will now concur in this opinion; viz., that the Byzantine Emperor, instead of thus mutilating the monuments of history, would have acted much better by employing his money and zeal in multiplying entire copies, which might have been distributed among the libraries of the empire. Since the invention of printing, the best works may be abridged; but, until that period, all curtailing was injurious: thus a part of *Athenæus* has been lost, and the *Abbreviator Justinus* has caused the large work of Trogue-Pompey to be forgotten. However, let us not accuse the weak and unfortunate heir of Constantine; his intention was good,

and, although he carried it into effect with little judgment, much honour is due to him for having, in the midst of the corruptions and crimes of the Court of Byzantium, endeavoured to afford instruction to his subjects. Above all, we should be thankful to him for having ordered, that, in 'The Historical Cyclopaedia,' the text of the original authors should be respected, and that extracts should be made without altering them.

The title of 'Sentences' is not very favourable to the reputation of inferior historians. Diodorus Siculus has never been considered a profound writer; but the hundred and more pages that are to be found in this collection, contain many new circumstances, principally relating to the Gracchi, to the civil war, and other periods of the Roman history, concerning which Titus Livy leaves us quite in the dark. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to whose works Mr. Mai had added, in 1816, most precious supplements, extracted from the manuscripts of the Ambrosian Library of Milan, is also not remarkable for correct ideas or powers of criticism; but these extracts, although not so numerous as those from Diodorus, will afford much interest in consequence of the difference in his narration with Titus Livy; and besides, we are of opinion, reading them for the first time, that they are more concise and less absurd than those parts already known of his 'Antiquities.' By these discoveries Dion Cassius, as an historian, will not be a gainer in the opinion of the literati, either for the eloquence of his harangues, or for the interest and impartiality of his narrative. But we now speak of his eloquence; and the following speech, which he attributes to Curtius before he precipitated himself into the abyss which the Oracle had ordered that the most precious object on the earth should be thrown into, is highly curious:

'Romans,' says the Curtius of Dion, 'why do you hesitate in discovering the intention of the Gods? Us they demand, us you must sacrifice. There is no mortal being better or stronger than man. We alone raise our heads towards heaven, alone we communicate with the Gods; and it is on that account that our statues and our pictures represent them after our image. If I dare express myself with more boldness, man is a god clothed with a mortal body, and a god is only a man without a body; thence his immortality. As to the strength of man, can you call it in question? He surpasses all animals by his speed, or by his cunning; in the water, in the air, every thing yields to him; for he overtakes the fish in the water without seeing them, and the birds in the air without pursuing them. Who would not prefer dying by a single blow than by a dropsey, consumption, or hunger? I will gloriously die for the public safety,' &c. &c.

This singular speech, which cannot be equalled by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, even when this rhetorician entirely forgets that he is making Romans speak in person, is not extracted from the *Palimpsestes*, but from a collection edited by a monk named Flanude, and discovered in the Vatican. Whatever may be the merits of Dion Cassius, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Sturz, who has just published at Leipzig, a new edition of this author, was not able to add to the fragments of Mozelli this more recent matter. M. Boissonade, when he published in 1822 his edition of Eunapius, would have enhanced the value of his work, had he been able to add to it the valuable extracts from history, by this ancient and excellent author, generally but little known. There are several pieces more or less interesting for different historical epochs, such as of Apian, who unfortunately only receives the addition of one page of Dexippus, who lived in the time of Claudio the Goth, of Menander, the annalist, whom the ignorant have mistaken for the poet, &c. To these may be added some parts of an anonymous work upon politics, a speech of Nicephorus Blemmydas, on the duties of a king, and three pages of the *novel* of Jamblicus, which was only known to us by the analysis of Photius. But what will appear more precious than these remains of the Lower Empire are numerous quotations from the ancient poets of Athens, Solon,

Euripides and Philemon, several oracles in verse, particularly in Diodorus, and other authentic productions of the best times of Grecian history.

The author who gains the most in this fortunate discovery, is Polybius. We only possessed the first five books of 'The Universal History of his Time,' rather long fragments to the seventeenth, the ancient extracts of Constantine for these books and the twenty-three others. The new extracts, which here fill nearly a hundred pages, extend from the sixth book to the thirtieth. Those which follow most regularly belong to the twelfth book.

We ought to rejoice in now being better acquainted with the son of Lycortas, the pupil of Philopemus,—him, who, after having in his youth borne in his arms the funeral urn containing the ashes of this hero, became the friend and counsellor of the second Scipio, accompanied him to the walls of Carthage and out of gratitude, became the historian of the Roman victories.

All persons of taste have long since appreciated his grave and simple style, his chronological exactness, the positive notions he had acquired in geography by his long travels, and, above all, the importance of his descriptions relating to the defence and secrets of Roman tactics. It is now better known what a tender recollection he always retained towards his first benefactor, Philopemus; and it will be more regretted that the life he wrote of this virtuous defender of liberty should be lost. Plutarch, it is true, gives us a slight idea of him, but, if the following entirely new narrative be compared with that of Plutarch, it will soon be perceived how far the imitation was from representing, in a worthy manner, great and incorruptible virtue, that neither honours nor presents can seduce, and the religious fear it inspires, even in those who endeavour to triumph over it.

'The Lacedæmonians,' says Polybius, in his severe and sometimes harsh style, 'were deliberating who should be sent from among them to bear a golden crown to Philopemus; and, although such lucrative employments, as procure powerful friends are generally sought after, no one presented himself to execute this commission. At length, they elected, by a majority of votes, Timolaus, who was attached to him from motives of hospitality and friendship. Twice he came to seek him at Megalopolis, and neither time did he venture to acknowledge the reason of his visit. The third time he made a strong effort, and had the courage to speak of the present of the Lacedæmonians. Contrary to his expectations, he observed that Philopemus listened to him with mildness, and he already began to congratulate himself in his success. Philopemus told him that he would proceed, in a few days, to Lacedæmon, and that he intended to thank the chief of the Government. He arrived, and was introduced before the Senate. "For a long time," said he, 'I have known your kindness towards me, and you now offer me a new testimony of it. I will tell you the reason which prevents my accepting your present. Such crowns should not be given to friends whose brows they would soil with an indelible stain; give them to your enemies. A friend, if he remain free and pure, will have more power to defend you; if an enemy allows himself to be entrapped by this present, either he will speak in your favour, or will serve you by his silence.'

Many of these hitherto unpublished pages of Polybius possess a two-fold interest, as, besides the merit of novelty, they have that of making us know, either by opinions or quotations, some other writers whose works are lost. It was well known that Polybius had spoken in severe terms against the historian Timæus, but we now see this criticism strengthened by a great number of arguments and details, which clearly point out to us the character of both historians. It was also known, that Demetrius, the Phalerian, had written a treatise on 'Fortune,' but nothing remained of it. Polybius quotes a remarkable passage, and the application he had made of it appeared so correct to the ancients, that Diodorus, whose plagiarisms are not often so judicious, not content with transcribing, in one of the new parts of his text, the same passage

Demetrius, but copies these reflections almost verbatim. Polybius, who has just related the misfortunes of Perseus, King of Macedonia, and the interesting words of Paulus Emilius, whom Titus Livy, as we now perceive, has only translated, expresses himself thus :

"This grand catastrophe recalls to my mind a thought of Demetrius, the Phalerian, who, in his work on 'Fortune,' in order to show its inconstancies and vicissitudes, refers to the time when Alexander destroyed the empire of Persia. 'Take in, at one look,' says he, 'not a number of ages, nor a long succession of generations, but only fifty years before us; you will see what are the sports of Fortune. If, by chance, fifty years ago, a God had disclosed futurity to the Persians and their monarchs, to the Macedonians and their princes, do you think that he would have been able to persuade them, that, in fifty years, the name of Persians, then all-powerful, would be destroyed, and that the Macedonians, whose names were unknown, would be masters of the world? No, the caprices of Fortune, her turns, which baffle all calculation, the unexpected strokes of her power were never more remarkable than in the giving up the empire of Persia to the Macedonians. However, she has only lent them this empire, until she thinks proper to change again.'

"It is this change,' adds Polybius, 'which happened under Perseus. Would not one think that a God revealed future events to Demetrius? Being led by my narrative to the period when the Macedonian dominion terminated, I could not refrain from stopping a moment at this grand revolution, that was accomplished in my own time, and to relate the memorable words of a writer, who, almost by super-human foresight, announced what only happened nearly fifty years after him.'

Polybius admires, in too strong terms, this prophecy of Demetrius; but the whole of this piece will not be less valuable to those who love contemporaneous impressions in history. The style, which is not to be judged of by this translation, is replete with strength and originality. We engage those who delight in these studies, and who will overlook the precipitate manner in which the announcement of such a discovery is made, not to form an opinion from these quotations, selected by chance. England and Germany possess collections solely philological, that will take up with avidity all that is new in these productions.

We have not yet had time to examine the whole of the large volume which has just issued from the press of the Vatican, and it is impossible to appreciate this long supplement, or rather all these scattered supplements that Rome adds to her history. It has required many centuries to produce good critical editions of Herodotus, Diodorus, Polybius and Eunapius; even some of them have only appeared in our time; these pieces, which complete them will require a revision, and many years may yet elapse before they are sufficiently spread, examined, and commented. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of these productions; but they, of course, are not so purely correct as they probably will one day become. Notwithstanding the assistance afforded to the decipherers of the Palimpsestes by the discoveries in chemistry to make the ancient writing appear, in spite of the perseverance of their efforts, they have been unable to read all these remains of lines and words; but they hazard no words, except those they have read, and in the work of M. Peyron he exhibits to the reader the form of all the pages, and the copy of all the letters of the different manuscripts.

#### OUR VILLAGE.

*Country Stories, Scenes, Characters, &c. &c.* By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of *Julian and Foscari, Tragedies, Dramatic Scenes, &c. &c.* Vol. III., post 8vo., pp. 315, 9s. Geo. B. Whittaker. London, 1828.

Miss Mitford is a writer so truly English in her style of composition, and describes English scenes with such exquisite felicity, that we know of no author who stands a fairer chance of going down to posterity without any diminution of po-

pularity from length of years. Throughout the writings of this accomplished lady, there cannot, we believe, be found an instance of affectation or bad taste. Both her poetry and prose are alike distinguished for freshness and vivacity; and nature can be looked at in no truer mirror than in her productions.

The kind of writing which Miss Mitford chiefly delights in, is one which she has made peculiarly her own. The delineation of English character, associated with genuine English scenery, was never before attempted so successfully. 'The Sketch Book' of Washington Irving, abounds in pictures never surpassed for beauty, or, in respect to the scenes they represented, for accuracy. But it was with the eye of a poet, or rather of an enthusiastic but foreign observer, that he wandered among the sylvan landscapes of England. It was the spirit of our olden history he held converse with, rather than with the living inhabitants of our towns and villages; and, exquisitely told as are his stories, we doubt whether a reader, unaccustomed to poetry or romance, would be able to recognise the scenery and character of our country in his descriptions. But the authoress of 'Our Village,' on the contrary, has looked on the landscapes she paints, with an eye long accustomed to their minutest peculiarities,—has conversed and lived among the characters of her different little sketches till not a look or a word is strange to her; and she is too much of a poet to let this familiarity with the objects she describes lessen her power of happy combination. The present volume of 'Our Village' is characterised by all the peculiar excellencies of the former two. The stories are numerous, and as varied as they can be in the limits which the author has prescribed herself. Several of them, however, we think, we recognise as old acquaintances; and we consider ourselves so cruelly treated by Miss Mitford, in thus leading us to suppose we had a nosegay of fresh flowers presented to us, that we award her the punishment of gathering us and the public another as fast as time and reason will allow.

We now proceed to give our readers some specimens of this volume, delightful notwithstanding the censure just passed. Our first extract is

#### *The Two Valentines.*

Valentine's Day is one of great stir and emotion in little village. In large towns—especially in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfect by "over-wiseness," or "over-niceness," (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh's quaint but expressive phrases,) and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets-doux*, as simply and confidently as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like the "goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove."—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless raillery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beau hath so broken the ice of his courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty poutings, with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity amongst us, even in a Valentine;—as witness the number of wooings begun on the Fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *risonnne* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at no less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

But—besides the matches which spring, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espied in the morning—provided that such man

be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps, (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important,) to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes virginalia*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates, and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favourite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl;—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm, erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burthens. Sally's father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; besides supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he bath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now leading it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another; the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile, that flash from under her burthen, as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humoured consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, carolling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charm. The lass is clever, too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superiors, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee, generally brusque, and frequently poignant.

Of beaux—between the laqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr. Thompson, my Lord's gentleman, a man of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tubb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy, steady "No," and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

The love-affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighbourhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the shortest and ugliest boy in the school, as Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy, and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a personage of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally, being, with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school-business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the misshapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learnt all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by

the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that, even when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them ; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consummation, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play-times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school ; and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarrelled—in short, it was a decided attachment ; and, when our village Romeo was taken as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest-hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour, and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy !

Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux chevalier* so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry ; and, although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country school-boy ripened into the full-blown affection of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love-message, on so small a ground as not understanding it ; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his old grandmother, a pair of cotton hose for his sister, and a nightcap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally ; which attention was followed up, at every opportunity, by pincushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Antolyens's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tubb, continued tolerably constant ; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's Day. Last spring, a written Valentine, exceedingly choice in its decorations, had made its appearance at Master North's : rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained, either by accident or waggoner, till the first of April ; but this was none of Stephen's fault ; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised group of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which, on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove—tender emblem !—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was ;—equally known for Stephen's, by the savour of the verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. “The force of writing could no farther go ;” so, this year, our “good apprentice” determined to come himself to be her personal Valentine, and to renew, if not complete, their early engagement.

On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel, equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as ideal and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him, when she had nothing better to do ; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say ; or to be puzzled by his verses, or laughed at for his homage ; but, as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, future husband, and he so ugly, and a poet too—Oh dear ! she was frightened to think of it ! This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and shape, and complexion ; especially as compared with Daniel Tubb's ! and was afterwards displayed to that rustic admirer himself ; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which she listened to his account of the debarkation of his

cockney rival, from the top of the B— stage. “He's timier than ever,” quoth Daniel, “and the smartest dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally,” pursued her swain ; “for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist.”

This was Valentine's-eve. Valentine's-morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had fined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices ! Daniel, taller, bigger, redder, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads ! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. “I'm your Valentine, Sally ! am I not ?” exclaimed Daniel Tubb, darting towards her, “you saw me first ; I know you saw me first,” continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. “Pshaw ! nonsense ! let me alone then, Daniel, can't you ?” was the reply of his mistress, advancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. “Would you like a ride in my basket this fine morning, Mr. Stephen ?” said the saucy lass, emptying all his gifts, garters, pincushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. “Don't be afraid ; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries his tray of images. He's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel ?” pursued the unmerciful beauty. “For my part, I think he has grown shorter.—Come, do step in !” And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burthen on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love. No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsuntide, if not before.—*P. 71—81.*

Among stories of such equal merit, we feel a little at a loss on what to ground our preference in making the extracts. Fortunately, however, for us, the season here helps us, and the following story may be received as a very timely offering :

#### Whitsun Eve.

“The pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors,—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

“Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end ; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side ; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars, on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall and palings, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them ; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden ; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

“I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds, as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds' nests in the thick tapestry of cherry-

trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias ; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird ; that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jessamine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathered breast ; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest ; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird ! Nothing so pleasant to look at as my garden. It is quite a picture ; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvas. There are walks to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so over-run by convolvulus, and heart's-ease, and mignonette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purposes of plating, or weeding, or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water ; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk towards sun-set, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

“What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street ! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our Village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses, snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any ; for even the gambols and merry-makings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

“We ourselves are to have a cricket-match on Monday, not played by the men, who, since a certain misadventure with the Beech-hillers, are, I am sorry to say, rather chap-fallen, but by the boys, who, zealous for the honour of their parish, and headed by their bold leader, Ben Kirby, marched in a body to our antagonists' ground the Sunday after our melancholy defeat, challenged the boys of that proud hamlet, and beat them out and out on the spot. Never was a more signal victory. Our boys enjoyed this triumph with so little moderation, that it had like to have produced a very tragical catastrophe. The captain of the Beech-hill youngsters, a capital bowler, by name Amos Stone, enraged past all bearing by the crowing of his adversaries, flung the ball at Ben Kirby with so true an aim, that, if that sagacious leader had not warily ducked his head when he saw it coming, there would probably have been a coroner's inquest on the case, and Amos Stone would have been tried for manslaughter. He let fly with such vengeance, that the cricket-ball was found embedded in a bank of clay five hundred yards off, as if it had been a cannon-shot. Tom Coper and Farmer Thackum, the umpires, both say that they never saw so tremendous a ball. If Amos Stone live to be a man, (I mean to say, if he be not hanged first,) he'll be a pretty player. He is coming here on Monday with his party to play the return match, the umpires having respectively engaged, Farmer Thackum that Amos shall keep the peace, Tom Coper that Ben shall give no unnecessary or wanton provocation—a nicely-worded lawyer-like clause, and one that proves Tom Coper hath his doubts of the young gentleman's discretion ; and, of a truth, so have I. I would not be Ben Kirby's surety, cautiously as the security is worded,—no ! not for a white double dahlia, the present object of my ambition.

“This village of ours is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

“First there is a group suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and Tom Coper. Ben showing much verbal respect

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and outward deference for his umpire's judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his own way after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are abusing as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl—beeler, come home for a day's holiday from school—by a tall footman in a dashing livery, who she is trying to curtsey off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed!

Ascending the hill are two couples of a different description. Daniel Tubb and his fair Valentine, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and, closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Mabel Green, the poor culprits of the wheat-hoing. Ah! the little clerk hath not relented! The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling "cherry-ripe," pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but every now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Mabel, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle, humble creature, as she points to the wild flowers on the common, and the lambs and children disporting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and begun humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gi'e me a glance of thy bonny black ee," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalising vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twilight, to the little clerk's absence, to the good humour of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and repassing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On their trip, linked arm in arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry, which well becomes the rural beauty. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitaundide, the shout, the laugh, and the song, echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."—Pp. 146—152.

#### MEXICO IN 1827.

*Mexico in 1827. By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country, during the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. 2 vols. 8vo., with plates and maps. Colburn. London, 1828.*

(Concluded from page 454.)

ACCORDING to Mr. Ward's account, Mexico cannot, during the present century, be a manufacturing country. But her mines and her agriculture will enable her, with only common industry, to enjoy all the advantages of transatlantic arts, and to bring to her own door the luxuries of the highest civilisation.

From the time of the conquest until the commencement of the revolution, the trade of Mexico was confined to the two ports of Acapulco and Vera Cruz. According to Humboldt's estimate, in 1803, the exports of Mexico consisted annually of 21,780,000 dollars, and the imports of 14,650,000. The first effect of the revolution of 1821, was to occasion a sudden decrease in the commercial intercourse of Mexico with Europe;

which was reduced, in three successive years, from twenty-one millions and a half of dollars, to nine millions, to which it fell in 1823. This sudden, and apparently unnatural, diminution in the consumption of the country, at the very moment when it was first allowed to taste the advantages of a free trade with Europe, is justly attributed, by Mr. Ward, in part to the simultaneous removal of all those by whom the commercial wants of Mexico had been previously supplied, and to the time which foreign adventurers required, in order to make the necessary arrangements for entering upon a field which was entirely new to them. It was not until the beginning of 1824, that the commercial intercourse with Mexico acquired a new activity. In that year, the trade of Alvarado and Vera Cruz rose from six to sixteen millions and a half of dollars; while that with Tampico, which employed alone 5000 tons of American shipping, must have raised the total amount of the imports and exports of the year to something very near the former average of 21,545,606 dollars. The progress made since that time it is impossible exactly to define, although, from the following produce of the custom-house, and the number of vessels employed in the Mexican trade, it would appear to be very considerable :

In 1824, the customs produced during the whole year, 4,351,218  
In eight months of 1825 . . . . . 4,842,354  
In ten months of 1826 . . . . . 7,043,237

In 1823, the number of vessels which cleared out within the province of Vera Cruz, not extending to Tampico, was 116, the tonnage of which amounted to about 10,000 tons. In 1824, 176 vessels entered the ports of Alvarado and Vera Cruz, the tonnage of which amounted to 18,730 tons. In fine, in the course of 1826, 1,273 vessels entered the Mexican ports :

"It must be admitted," says Mr. Ward, "that this extraordinary increase of activity in the intercourse between the New and the Old World, taken in conjunction with the rise in the customs from four to eight millions of dollars, (allowing something less than one million for the two months not included in the receipts of 1826,) augurs well in favour of the growing importance of Mexican trade. It may not, indeed, as yet realise the golden visions of those who, in 1825, regarded the New World as a source of instantaneous wealth; but it certainly holds out, to a well-regulated spirit of commercial enterprise, a prospect of great superior advantages."—Vol. i. p. 445, 446.

And again :

"If changes are judiciously made, and the duties so reduced as to bring the imports more within the reach of the great body of consumers, (who are now either excluded from the market, or forced to purchase their supplies from illicit traders,) I am inclined to believe, that the whole expenses of the Republic may be provided for by the produce of the customs alone."—Vol. i. p. 474.

Mexico, already so abundantly provided by nature, on account of her agriculture, is still richer by her mineral wealth; and, indeed, 'Mexico, without her mines,' says Mr. Ward, 'notwithstanding the fertility of her soil, and the vast amount of her former agricultural produce, can never rise to any importance in the scale of nations.'—Vol. i. pp. 155.

The annual average produce of the mines of Mexico, before the revolution, amounted to 24,000,000 of dollars, and the average exports to 22,000,000. Since the revolution, the produce has been reduced to 11,000,000 of dollars, while the exports in specie have averaged 13,587,052 dollars in each year. This decrease was, according to Mr. Ward, the consequence of the sudden abstraction of the portion of the Spanish capital, that still remained in the country, after the declaration of independence in 1821. In 1825, the foreign capitals recently invested began to produce some effect; but, in 1826, the total amount of the coinage in the five mints of the Republic did not exceed 7,463,300 dollars, when, in 1819, the amount of the coinage, in the capital alone, was 12,030,515 dollars.

"This," says Mr. Ward, "is not to be regarded as indicating a failure on the part of the companies, but merely as proving that the capital introduced by them had not then proved an equivalent for the capital previously withdrawn; or, at all events, that time had not been allowed to repair the ruinous consequences of the sudden abstraction of that capital, and the suspension of all mining works that ensued."—Vol. ii. p. 39.

There are, at the present moment, seven great English companies, besides one German, and two American companies, employed in working mines in different parts of the republic of Mexico. Mr. Ward enters into very minute particulars on the names and administration of these companies, the nominal capital of each, the capital actually invested, the states in which their labours are carrying on, and the future prospects of every one of these companies. According to his statement, a British capital to the amount of nearly three millions sterling, is actually invested in the Mexican mines, from which at least twelve millions of dollars must have been disbursed in Mexico; and he thinks that, in 1830, that capital will return, in addition to the amount of the silver now raised, 13,000,000 of dollars, which would make a total of about twenty millions of dollars, and should it do so, the increase afterwards will be gradual, but progressive; new mines will be brought into activity as the present scarcity of capital diminishes; and, provided public tranquillity be not disturbed, there is reason to believe that the produce of the mines of Mexico will be, in 1835, nearly equal to the annual average amount derived from them before the revolution. "In all," adds Mr. Ward, "I have given produce, not profits; for these, of course, depend upon the manner in which the operations of the companies are conducted." The Anglo-Mexican Company alone had expended, in September, 1826, nearly 30,000*l.* in salaries to men, almost all of whom have now been dismissed; and full 100,000*l.* in machinery, not one-twentieth part of which either has been, or ever can be, made use of; while the German Company, by a judicious selection made upon the spot, and by using miners of great experience and activity, has lost nothing, and done more (in proportion) in less time, and with smaller capital, than any of the foreign companies established in New Spain, and thus has assured its complete success.

As to the ultimate result of the mining operation, we have little hesitation in thinking that it may pay, before three years have elapsed, an interest to the adventurers who have invested their capital in this undertaking.

From the preceding remarks on the population, agriculture, trade, and mines of Mexico, we are inclined to conclude with Mr. Ward, that this country possesses the means of maintaining, in abundance, a population infinitely superior to the present number of its inhabitants;—that, although, from the peculiar position of the country, the agricultural wealth of the table-land is not likely to be brought into the European market, it ensures the general prosperity of the interior; while the cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, cocoa, and other productions of the coasts, will form, in the course of a few years, a very considerable mass of exportable commodities; that these, in conjunction with the cochineal and the precious metals, must render the external trade of New Spain highly interesting to Europe; while the amount of the population, and the absence of manufactures, give to the internal consumption of the country an importance which none of the other new States of America possesses; that, at last, the ability of Mexico to meet her engagements, under moderately good management, is beyond any doubt, provided the general tranquillity of the republic shall not be again disturbed, and the mines, these very seeds of the opulence of the country, may be restored to their natural level, and produce their former fruits.

After having considered Mexico in an agricultural, commercial, and financial light, we will

follow our author in his excursions through the interior of the provinces of the new Republic, and endeavour to ascertain, with him, the moral state of the population of New Spain.

A traveller relates, that he journeyed all over Murcia, from Carthagena to Madrid, without seeing a single looking-glass, even in the hair-dressers' shops. Need we, therefore, be surprised, —as we lately asked in citing this circumstance in a Paris periodical,—need we be surprised at the state of ignorance and misery into which South America is plunged, since we know that she has received her civilisation from Old Spain? The immense space of water that lies between them has been no barrier against the introduction of Castilian habits into the bosom of the New Continent. In traversing Old Spain, as well as the New one, we not only listen to the same dialect, but we meet with the same customs, the same vices, and the same intermixture of good and bad qualities. The provinces of the new republic are, at present, as poor as those of the ancient monarchy; not that they want natural resources, but that the inhabitants want that spirit of industry which is necessary to turn them to account.

'We found at Santa Fé the first specimen of the sort of accommodation that we were to expect on our journey through the Tierra Caliente of Mexico. The village was composed of five or six Indian huts, rather more spacious than some which we afterwards met with, but built of bamboos, and thatched with palm-leaves, with a portico of similar materials before the door. The canes, of which the sides are composed, are placed at so respectable a distance from each other as to admit both light and air;—this renders windows unnecessary. A door there is, which leads at once into the principal apartment; in which father and mother, brothers and sisters, pigs and poultry, all lodge together in amicable confusion. In some instances, a subdivision is attempted, by suspending a mat, or two, in such a manner as to partition off a corner of the room; but this is usually thought superfluous. The kitchen occupies a separate hut. The beds are sometimes raised on a little frame-work of cane, but much oftener consist of a square mat placed upon the ground; while a few gourds for containing water, some large glasses for orangeade, a stone for grinding maize, and a little coarse earthenware, compose the whole stock of domestic utensils.'—Vol. ii. pp. 179—180.

The capital of Mexico, and that of Old Spain, bear a striking resemblance to each other; ruins and rubbish obstruct the prospect of the finest buildings—and we behold the inhabitants of Mexico, like those of Madrid, walking in the heat of the sun with the same apathy and indifference. The styles of living in each metropolis are nearly similar—at seven in the morning, they take chocolate,—they breakfast at ten, and go to mass—and afterwards they are engaged in the usual business of the day till two o'clock. They then enjoy the *siesta* till four, when business recommences, and is continued till six: after that, chocolate is again taken; they then repair to the churches for evening prayers. They sup early, and go in the evening to the theatre or to the *tertulia* to sing a *bolao* or dance a *fanfango*.

Mr. Ward passes too rapidly over the customs of the countries which he visits, and does not give us a sufficiently clear insight into the peculiarities of the people of Mexico. But, after an attentive observation, it will be evident there exists a very strong resemblance between their manners and those of Old Spain. Like the women of Andalusia, and those of New Grenada, the females of the table-land of Mexico are coquettish, animated, and graceful. Their costume is the same—*la mantilla*—and their features similar—their eyes are black and full of expression—their faces pale, susceptible of quickness and vivacity—their feet are diminutive, their gait is grave and graceful, and, in short, if not completely beautiful, they are, in general, in spite of the dictum of M. Beaufray, attractive and interesting, even with the disagreeable habit of smoking *el cigareto*, another imitation of the

*senoritas* of Old Grenada. Like the subjects of the monarchy, the citizens of the new republic are vain, slothful, careless, and, at the same time, hospitable, brave, and firm in adversity. The same propensities are visible in both nations; the segar, the nightly serenades, gaming of every description, cock-fighting, the promenades at the *alameda*, of which Mr. Ward gives a very curious account, equally constitute the favourite amusements of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and those of Mexico. To complete the parallel, the superstitions of both nations are similarly senseless and ridiculous; and as firm a belief exists at Mexico, in the miracles of *Notre Dame de Guadalupe*, the patron saint of the republic, as is to be found, throughout all Galicia, in the miracles of Saint James of Compostella.

What we have observed respecting the defects and vices of the Mexicans, would incline us to doubt whether that nation is destined to hold an important post in the world, were we not convinced, as we really are, that it is human institutions that make the man; and, under an active and enlightened Government, any people may become intelligent and industrious. Mr. Ward himself inclines to this doctrine, and even M. Beaufray, whose book is a continual satire on republican institutions—he who could not discover more than eight lady-like women in all Mexico—is, nevertheless, compelled to confess that, even before his departure from the capital, very rapid and striking improvements had taken place in the manners of society. All travellers agree in describing the Mexicans as strong, vigorous, and rather full of intelligence, and Mr. Ward's book contains a variety of facts, offensive, perhaps, to the rather royalist taste of this gentleman, which prove that this republican equality which is established in Mexico, has powerfully contributed to obliterate the distinction of castes which existed before the declaration of independence, and has tended to elevate the character of the lower classes of the nation.

We have already pointed out the principal improvements carried on in Mexico, subsequent to the declaration of independence; and we shall content ourselves with introducing a fact, which we borrow from the work of Mr. Ward, as a rational ground for our expectations:

'Before the revolution, the streets of the capital were infested with a race of naked lazaroni, whose numbers were supposed to amount to nearly twenty thousand, and who were, at once, the disgrace and the bane of all public places. This class has now almost totally disappeared; clothing has become so common that none appear without it. In the mining districts, a similar change has occurred; and, as the resources of the country develop themselves, there is little doubt that it will gradually spread into the most remote provinces.'—Vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

The reforms brought about by the Republican Government of Mexico are numerous, though they may be inadequate to produce the prosperity of this new state. The liberty of religious worship is not yet recognised; the judicial system of the republic, which Mr. Ward passes over in silence, a wretched legacy of Old Spain, is incongruous and incoherent, and calls for a thorough-paced reformation; public institutions, about which, also, Mr. Ward says nothing, fail in receiving encouragement from the executive power; the public roads are abominable; the most fertile lands are still destitute of cultivation; and a population of eight millions of inhabitants is, in a manner, wasted over a surface of more than one hundred thousand square leagues, which might easily sustain one hundred millions of inhabitants. In the actual state of circumstances, the internal conveyance of merchandises is nearly impossible, so that Mr. Ward says:

'The difficulty of communication between the maritime provinces and the table-land, makes wheat an object of luxury to the people of the former; for, strange as the assertion may appear, in the present state of the roads, it would be easier and cheaper for towns, upon the eastern and western coast, to draw their supplies

from the United States or California, by sea, than from the nearest corn land on the table-land.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

Thus, while the wheat rots in the wide plains of La Puebla and Valladolid, flour is sold at twenty dollars a barrel at Vera Cruz; and this is a circumstance which completes the parallel between Old and New Spain, since the same and similar effects are manifested in the plains of Castile, and in the mountains of Galicia.

This review will enable the reader to form an estimate of the importance of Mr. Ward's publication; for, though we have already alluded to some deficiencies, and have reason to complain that the author has not given us sufficiently ample information respecting the system of administration pursued by the actual Government of Mexico, and some particulars of the men at the head of affairs, yet we consider this work as the best and most complete that has been hitherto published on this subject. The style is perspicuous, the distribution of the matter is judicious, the maps are well executed, and the plates do ample justice to the delineatory talents of Mrs. Ward.

#### THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

*The English in France. By the Author of 'The English in Italy.'* 3 vols. 12mo. Saunders and Otley, London, 1828.

The class of novels to which 'The English in France' belongs, has originated in the love of travelling, and a superabundance of published tours. The one, carrying men of all tastes and dispositions abroad, where those who have a talent for observation find the most engaging objects to employ it; and the other, inducing them to throw the result of their observations into any other form than that of diaries or travels. The public has gained considerably by this. There is no better method of delineating national character than by a well-told tale; and, by introducing different personages to our acquaintance, every scene has additional brightness and distinctness.

The publication now before us contains a variety of tales, each exhibiting some amusing trait, either of foreign character, or of continental fashions engrained on English feelings. For the proof of their merit in this respect, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which well deserves a place among the best of the light works of the day. The chapter which best suits our purpose for extract, is that relating to the 'Adventure of a Tar,' which is told in a very lively manner. The subject of this little narrative was a Lieutenant in the English navy, commanding a small sloop of war, which cruised off the north-western coast of France, and amused itself incessantly in the most desperate attacks on the enemy's vessels. It was not, however, in skirmishing under a fog with some stray schooner, or in way-laying the fishing-smacks that ventured out to sea, that Lieutenant —— was left to employ his courage or his invention. Orders were sent him to distribute a number of printed proclamations along the coast. They were full of inflammatory matter against the Emperor, and warm appeals to the people in favour of the exiled Bourbons. The commander of the sloop was too much interested in an affair which seemed to be of such importance, and called for the exercise of so much boldness, to intrust the management of it to another. He accordingly set off to execute the mission himself. He was put ashore one night to the north of Etaples—posted the proclamations on the very sentry-boxes of the guards, on the cannon, and on the door of the Prefecture. But when he had completed his purpose, and was about to return, he found the alarm had been raised, and that he was cut off on every side from escape. His boat was ordered to wait for him of a cape between Winneux and Ambleteuse. What followed, we leave the author to relate in his own words:

'The daylight at length began to glimmer, and by its aid in vain did the boat's crew of the *Ariel* endeavor to

your to appointed him still. A more d have man of sand-his the high fat count forms a b valleys ar from being tuaries at the hills of s but for the other shrub for the case the sea. dangerou not only of the ' Notw cannot b enter it, a season's upon Lie his watch a short t survey ro his enem and precep. place wi penetrate poked wi but none until two exhausted no vi ceding o sound a miss we be hidde have de venture the raise poor Britanies to ' Fight and ran himself however southwa coast, w did not dant we possibili the nov shou himself him to r taken th ' The pursuasor, coas, an able char seemed Some w shelter, lanward forth for directed easily c hope to ' The tenant, the ver of the s his duti ' Wit over-hu the ble rushed seated feet. I truder and cra expected The la

your to descry the figure of their commander on the appointed shore. Fatally separated from them, it found him still in the *garonne*, as it is called, of Wimereux. A more desolate spot could not have been chosen for a brave man to meet his fate. It consisted of a cluster of sand-hills, of which the materials, washed away from the high places of the coast, were here borne in on the flat country by the tide. In this manner the ocean forms a barrier against itself, which alone preserves the valleys and low grounds on this weather-beaten coast from being inundated and converted into so many estuaries at every high tide. Even for this purpose, those hills of shifting materials would not prove sufficient, but for the sea-thistle and marine rush, which, with other shrubs and herbs, take root, and give consistency to the soil. In disastrous and disorderly periods, the wretched inhabitants of the region have torn away these shrubs for fuel; and the consequence has been—it was the case during the early part of the Revolution—that the sea has poured in and overwhelmed the region beyond. Now, however, severe edicts forbid such dangerous larceny, and the sea-thistle and the rush are not only protected, but frequently planted for the security of the barrier.

Notwithstanding its utility, a more dreary place cannot be conceived; and none indeed are known to enter it, save the hardy sportsmen, who hire it for the season's shooting. Here, then, did the morning break upon Lieutenant —, who, exhausted with his journey, his watching, and his unsuccessful efforts, had sunk for a short time to seek refreshment in repose. After a survey round, in which he heard the nearing shouts of his enemies on all sides, he thought it best to widen and prepare the aperture of a rabbit-burrow for his reception. Into this he sunk himself, covering his lurking-place with a thicket of sea-holly: his enemies soon penetrated in search of him, trot near and around him, poked with their bayonets into rabbit-holes and thickets; but none made the sought discovery. Here he remained until two hours after noon: his stock of biscuit was exhausted. He hoped, however, to find his enemies not so vigilant that evening as they had been the preceding one. They had been gone for some time; all sound and clamour had died away, and the sailor thought he might step forth to reconnoitre. His enemies were too cunning for him: aware that he must be hidden, they lay in wait, silent, and pretending to have departed, expecting, as took place, that he would venture forth. He had taken but a few steps, when the raised cry of one of those on the watch warned the poor Briton that he was discovered, and called his enemies to the capture.

Fight was madness; Lieutenant — struck out and ran. His impulse was to gain the sea, and trust himself to it, even swimming. The ambuscade was, however, 'twixt him and it. He ran, nevertheless, southwards, hoping that some ravine, or turn of the coast, would allow him to gain the beach. The French did not fire. The orders of the exasperated commandant were, no doubt, to take him alive. There was no possibility of his escape. The young conscripts enjoyed the novelty of chasing an enemy, and followed with shouts of alacrity and triumph. The commandant himself was at their head, and had the ground permitted him to make use of a horse, he might soon have overtaken the fugitive.

The latter, in the mean time, gained upon their pursuers, who still, however, keep between him and the coast, and his flight seemed directed towards an old veritable chateau, for it was castle-like in appearance, which seemed built to catch every breath of wind from sea. Some withered trees stood around it, as if to afford a shelter, that they seemed to need. For they stretched landwards, in an imploring attitude, and, indeed, put forth foliage only in that direction. Thither the fugitive directed his course,—why, or with what hope, is not easily conceived. Even if he could enter, he could not hope to defend it.

The possessor of the chateau, or at any rate his tenant, was the commandant himself, whose family at the very time occupied it, no doubt, for the salubrity of the sea-breezes, and the convenience of its position to his duties.

With no wiser instinct, however, than that of the over-hunted fox, the unfortunate sailor rushed towards the bleak chateau, entered its court, its door, and rushed up a short stair into the saloon. A lady was seated there, as also a boy, her son apparently, at her feet. Ere she could recover from her surprise, the intruder made known who he was, his imminent danger, and craved refuge and concealment. It was not to be expected, and was perhaps asked without expectation. The lady, not without commiseration, bade him fly elsewhere;

where; that it was the residence of the commandant; that she was his wife, and that there was no possibility, no chance. The door below was dashed open; the pursuers rushed up.

As the commandant himself entered, a legion at his back, the fugitive, taking, as it appeared, an ungenerous advantage of the lady's compassion, seized her son, bore him in her despite to the farthest corner of the apartment, and putting a pistol to the child's temple, called upon his pursuer to desist.

The terrified commandant, though prepared to close with his enemy, shrank back from his posture of determination; whilst the mother of the child, unable to move a limb or utter a cry, held forth her hands in agony and powerlessness.

"A life for a life, if you persist, or move a step," cried the seaman. "I know the fate reserved for me, if taken. Let me spring from this window and gain the beach unpursued, or—"

"It is mine only son," cried the commandant, hesitating.

"So much the better," observed the seaman, coolly.

"I cannot falter," (*transiger* was the word,) "with my duty," said the commandant, hesitating still.

The mother shrieked, and the shriek went to the soul of the seaman, who menaced a barbarity that he would have died a thousand deaths ere he could have committed.

"You are a cowardly ruffian to have believed me capable of it," said the seaman, who wrung his adversary by the reproach, inasmuch as his determined look fully bespoke the act he threatened. As he spoke, he flung himself against the window, went through it, but fell, and, ere he could rise, more than twenty fellows were around or upon him, and the gallant Lieutenant was a captive.

He was conveyed into the town with shouts of triumph, his captors amusing themselves by adorning him with the numbers of his own proclamation that he had scattered; and treated with every ignominy and harshness, he was committed for that evening to the military prison.

The taking of a spy, and more especially the threatened execution of one, made, of course, a mighty noise and bustle throughout the department of the Pas de Calais. Aware of the progress of the Allies, the inveterate commandant pressed the trial, and every intermediate step that was to precede his final vengeance. The citizens, nevertheless, Bonapartists as they were, had no such sanguinary wishes, but rather commiserated the brave man. The fishermen felt still more sympathy, and resolved amongst each other to return Lieutenant —'s past kindness and forbearance to them, by rescuing him at any hazard.

They kept their designs secret with ease, as they form quite a different class from the rest of the population, with whom they hold no sort of intercourse but for the purposes of buying and selling. In order to mask their intentions, they took occasion to display the utmost fury against the spy; and their vociferations for sunken boats and lost cargoes, of which they accused loudly the commander of the *Ariel*, resounded in the ears of the commandant, as also in those of the pretended victim, who was at a loss to account for gratuitous inveteracy.

From the military prison to the Palais of Justice, or scene of trial, was a considerable distance, and the captive more than once meditated the possibility of escape, as he was brought back and forward. He was not manacled; but the guard was always too strong for the hope or the attempt. As he returned from condemnation, the prisoner and escort were surrounded by an immense throng of fishermen and their wives, and these last were neither the least active nor least vociferous. They cried, "Death to the spy!" "Down with the corsair!" "Cursed Englishman! where are our men and our vessels?"—and a smart volley of stones, seemingly intended for the prisoner, but really overwhelming the escort, made the soldiers think it was most prudent for them to give up the victim of popular fury. And as he was to be hanged on the morrow, the fate that at present was imminent over him, was less ignominious than that which justice threatened.

The fishermen and women, therefore, carried off their prey without opposition, or rather drove it before them, pelting and shouting, and, in many instances, severely wounding one another, that the earnestness of their rage might not be called in question. The soldiers followed, however, somewhat mistrustful, through the narrow lanes and passages, by which the victim and his apparent assassins, but real rescuers, hurried towards the port or harbour. The guard expected to

find the mangled body of their late prisoner at every step; on the contrary, victim and avengers disappeared. They were no sooner out of sight of the military, than the brawny fishermen, seizing Lieutenant —, bore him at full speed, each holding a limb, through their suburb; again putting him upon his feet, and chasing him before them, as they emerged upon the quay. There, chasing and abusing, they directed him towards a little pilot-boat that lay moored at the extremity of the wooden pier. "There's your home, brother tar," cried they, pointing to the waves. Lieutenant — shook the hand of the speaker, plunged in, gained the skiff in a trice, unmoored it, hoisted its sail, and swept out of the harbour, ere a single shot could be brought to bear upon him.—Vol. ii., pp. 143—154.

#### M'CORMAC ON STAMMERING.

*A Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Hesitation of Speech or Stammering, as discovered by Henry M'Cormac, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and of the Society of Natural History, Belfast, &c. &c. &c. Post 8vo., pp. 112. Longman and Co. London, 1828.*

We remember, about twelve months since, to have seen a paragraph, in a number of the most popular journals, announcing that the King of the Netherlands had purchased, for a large sum, of some individual whose name we have forgotten, the lately discovered secret of effectually curing stammering and defects of utterance. Some of our contemporaries, too, mentioned, with an air of mystery, the success which had attended the efforts of a few practitioners in London and elsewhere, who had practised in the wonderful discovery; and we have heard, that one gentleman, who invariably *swears* his patients to secrecy, has, on some occasions, received so high a sum as one hundred guineas for the communication of the mystical remedy.

We were inclined to consider that there was a vast deal of quackery in all this, till we received, a few days back, a pamphlet entitled a detail of the 'Progress of the Brosterian System for the effectual removal of impediments of Speech, &c. This little volume contains a variety of testimonials, from numerous individuals who have been, for the last four or five years, under the care of John Broster, Esq., F.A.S.E., in the treatment of all those cases he seems to have been satisfactorily, if not thoroughly, successful; but, throughout his book, the method of his singular cure is studiously concealed, so much so, in fact, as to create an intense curiosity in the minds even of those who are so fortunate as not to require his aid. This important discovery, this cabalistic mystery, is now brought to light; and the work before us by Dr. M'Cormac, contains a full exposition of the long-treasured *arcaneum*.

We identify the two, because stammering can only proceed from ONE organic cause; and, this cause being known, its cure is easy; so that, Dr. M'Cormac having demonstrated the one, we can have no doubt as to the efficacy of the other; and, in fact, all the *hints* obscurely scattered through Mr. Brown's book, apply, without fail or exception, to Dr. M'Cormac's theory.

Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to do the latter gentleman the justice to say, that the discovery now announced by him is his own. He is not declaring a piece of imported knowledge, but the result of personal investigation; let him, however, speak for himself:

"The important information which I have the happiness of announcing in the following pages, is indefeasibly my own, not being acquired from the experience of others, but arising in my own mind, from a consideration of the nature of the complaint. It is true my attention was led to it by accident; but, having been once turned in the direction of truth, it continued so till I had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, without a communication with any human being."

"I cannot, of course, say that no other person was in possession of the means before me; I do not assert, that I was the first to *make* the discovery; but I allege that I am the first to *communicate* it. If others be in possession of the means (and I have no

doubt that some are) of removing hesitation of speech, they have preferred converting their knowledge into a source of mere personal emolument; whilst I, without taking upon myself to blame them, have preferred the mental satisfaction arising from the consciousness of benefiting my fellow-creatures at large, to any other motive, however lucrative or promising.'—Pp. vii, viii.

After this declaration, equally honourable to the head and the heart of the Doctor, he proceeds to detail the circumstances which first induced him to turn his attention to the subject:

'Being in the city of New York, in the latter end of the year 1826, I was given to understand, that a Mrs. Leigh of that city was in possession of means, which she exercised with success, for the removal of stammering or stammering. I did not pay at first, nor would I subsequently have paid, much attention to this piece of information, (as I should have merely noticed it as a new instance of charlatanism,) but it was also accompanied with the assurance that Mrs. Leigh had obtained, from several of the medical gentlemen of New York, (men incapable of lending their names wilfully to shield an imposture,) certificates declaring their belief in the truth of her allegations; they were also, I was told, admitted into her confidence, after a solemn assurance, on their parts, that they would not betray it. Hence they became, without the possibility of failure, competent judges of her method of proceeding, and of the results. In this, indeed, they could not be mistaken; they saw that the same means invariably produced the same results, and gave their testimony accordingly in favour of Mrs. Leigh's system.

'I was much gratified at the receipt of this intelligence, as it gave me every reason to believe that stammering, which I had hitherto believed incurable, was by no means so, but quite the reverse; at the same time, I was grieved to think, that a discovery of so much importance to mankind should be exercised only for the benefit of those few whose time and fortune permitted their having access to Mrs. Leigh's services.

'This account, indeed, greatly excited my curiosity as to the means by which an affliction so grievous, and hitherto irremediable, could be removed or alleviated; but, unless by the exercise of whatever intellectual sagacity I possessed, I saw no means of arriving at the knowledge I was in quest of, so as to be able to communicate it. My regret at this, however, was much abated, when I considered that what another had done, I might possibly do likewise.

'It occurred to me, that the best way to begin, would be to consider the nature of the disease, and, if possible, to unravel the process of its action. This I did, with the desired result; and, to my satisfaction, found that the cause hitherto so inscrutable, was one, not only easy to be understood, but capable of being annihilated with the utmost facility, in a short time, by any one who was, with myself, aware of the secret.

'My delight at the discovery, though great, was certainly not to be compared with my astonishment, from its extreme simplicity, at its not having been sooner made.

'I began my investigation with the supposition, that stammering was in general a vicious habit of speech, whose origin and real nature remained to be yet discovered. I commenced with calling to mind the mode of utterance attempted by stammerers; and I repeated to myself, with all the correctness of which my imagination was capable, the procedure which stammerers employ when speaking or about to speak. By the practice and consideration of those means, it suddenly occurred to me, that stammering was such as I have already informed the reader, *an attempt to speak when the lungs are in a state of collapse*. But still it seemed so wonderfully simple, that, although I could trace no fallacy in my deductions, I resolved not to be satisfied, until I had put them to the test of experiment. This it was not in my power to accomplish, the remains of the passing year, and part of the next, being occupied by two successive tours in the United States; during which, the reason will be obvious why I did not choose to communicate my process to any second person by word or letter. Returning at length to Europe, in the latter end of the year 1827, I essayed the truth of my theory on more than one individual,—when my experiments were crowned with perfect success; but, from that time to the present, circumstances did not permit me to lay the results of my discovery before the public.'—Pp. 32—34.

Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of the discovery of this invaluable information; and, in a

few pages further, the author gives a more full and satisfactory account of this theory:

'The primary cause of pellismus then,' says he, 'in common with that of many other irregular or abnormal affections, arises from the want of knowledge in the patient to put his organs in the proper train for executing the desired freedom of action; but the proximate cause in most cases arises from the patient endeavouring to utter words, or any other manifestation of voice, when the air in the lungs is exhausted, and they are in a state of collapse, or nearly so. In this consists the discovery, hitherto made by none; or, if made, not announced. The patient endeavours to speak when the lungs are empty, and cannot. Why? Because the organs of voice are not struck by the rushing current of air; they do not vibrate; therefore voice or speech cannot take place, whatever position we put them and the organs of speech into; for the organs of voice are distinct apparatus from those of speech, though they are commonly confounded; we can utter a voice without speech or words, but not the latter without the former. In vain do we press down the keys of an organ—the many-toned tubes will not vibrate without the air rushing through them: so in vain do we place the *chorda tendine*, and the muscles, and the membranes, and the bones of the air tubes, and of the mouth and the nose, into a proper position; words will not follow our efforts, any more than they can issue *simply* from the moving lips, an automaton of departed men, imagined by our ancestors.'—Pp. 14—16.

The slightest reflection or experiment on themselves, will be sufficient to convince our readers of the truth of these simple facts as above detailed; and their announcement leads at once to the method of cure, which we give in the words of the author:

'Having now gone through a statement of all the methods of cure, which have at any time been proposed, I shall next proceed to those which a correct knowledge of the disease, in its nature and cause, enables me to point out with unerring certainty. And I have the satisfaction of assuring the reader, that habitual stammering, however severe and inveterate its form may be, will invariably yield to his efforts, in a greater or less space of time, if he employ with constancy the means which I shall dictate. It would, no doubt, be very desirable that some mode of cure could be devised, whereby the patient might get rid of his malady, while he himself remained passive the while; but it will be evident to him, after a careful perusal of the foregoing pages, that he can expect the operation of no magical or mysterious agency in his favour, as the quickness of the cure must depend solely upon the earnestness of his own exertions.

'If the person who is affected, be very young, he will need another to direct him and superintend the process; but, if not, the help of no second individual will be requisite. The main thing to be attended to, and which, in fact, is the ground-work of the whole system of cure, is, to expire the breath strongly each time when attempting to speak, the lungs being previously filled to the utmost, or, in other words, to reverse the habit of stammering, which is that of trying to speak without expiring any air.'—Pp. 82, 83.

On the general principle, Dr. M'Cormac grounds a system of treatment equally simple in its operation and rational in its deduction; but for its details, which are too voluminous for quotation in our pages, we must refer our readers to the book itself. From what we see of the theory, and have heard, from good authority, of the effects of the Doctor's practice, we are fully inclined to subscribe to his assertion, that,

'By the most ordinary attention to the information conveyed in his pages, individuals affected with stammering, may, of themselves, remove, with the utmost ease and facility, and, in a very short space of time, the most inveterate and confirmed habits of stammering, no matter of how many years' duration, or when contracted.'—*Preface to the Treatise.*

The generous feelings which have prompted the publication of a matter, which, if held uncommunicated, might have proved a source of so much emolument, deserves the highest praise; and we have little doubt, that the intrinsic value of the work before us will instantly recommend it to the notice of the public, and procure for its author that distinction to which his talents and philanthropy alike entitle him.

*Letters to a Young Person in India.* By Lieut. Col. John Briggs, late Resident at Satara. Small 8vo. pp. 24. Price 7s. 6d. Murray. London, 1828.

This little volume contains much information and useful instruction, adapted to the use of young men going out to, or employed in, India. It is written by a gentleman well acquainted with their wants, whether engaged in a civil or military capacity; and the cautions he gives them against the dangers to which they are exposed on first going abroad, are addressed to them in a vein of great good sense. Some parts of the letters may perhaps be regarded as a little too particular in the nature of their contents; but they are, on the whole, very useful, and contain a great many particulars not known to much older readers than they for whom they were originally written. The publication should be in the hands of every young person going out to India.

*The Prima Donna, a Tale of To-Day.* Built. 12mo. pp. 320. London, 1828.

The subject of this tale is an interesting one. A young and fascinating woman, enjoying a popularity, which poets and conquerors would be proud, and possessing the most engaging personal accomplishment, may well be expected to attract almost as many lovers as admirers. The heroine of this is, however, presented in the still more interesting situation of a woman loving with all the ardour of unsophisticated youth, and finding her passion returned without the romance of love being disturbed by her notoriety.

The tale of 'The Prima Donna' is written in warm and glowing language, but is not offensive for any overwrought scenes; and it will meet with attention from many of the admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag.

*Costanza, a Poem,* by W. H. Merle, Esq., 8vo, pp. 127, price 7s. 6d. Longman. London, 1828.

THERE is, in many parts of this publication, an expression of great poetical feeling; but it is incorrect in its versification, and deficient in the proper management of the subject. Long digressions and reflections, multiplied beyond their proper bounds, destroy the effect of its most interesting portions; and a poem which, with more skill in the author's employment of the external aids of his art, might have been well deserving of attention, is ruined by the many faults of this kind with which it is disfigured.

*Contrast.* By Regina M. Roche. 3 vols. 17. 1s. A. K. Newman. London, 1828.

Mrs. ROCHE has long been known as a very respectable Novelist of the Radcliffe School, and some of her early productions obtained considerable popularity. The present work has been written, it appears, under great domestic trouble and anxiety; but it is creditable to the talents of the Authorress, and will, there is no doubt, be very acceptable to the readers who have not lost their taste for Novels of this class. By a perusal of the more fashionable ones of the day, We trust Mrs. Roche will obtain the notice for her work which it deserves.

MR. POCOCK.

The simple Parisians have been equally amused and astonished at the account of Mr. Pocock of Bristol's carriage being drawn by paper kites. They are little aware, it appears, of how many equipages in the city, and at the west end of the town, have been long going exclusively by the same means.

IRISH WAKES.

Wakes are not peculiar to the sister isle; they still are, and long have been, practised in Holland. David Beek, the celebrated painter of Leyden, having died, (i. e. Hibernice,) the body was daily laid out; and, to mitigate their grief, his domestics ransacked the cellars of their deceased master, and drank so largely to the health of the corpse, that they finally became intoxicated. As a last proof of his affection to his former patron, one of his servants resolved to give the defunct *bongré malgré lui* a glass of potent *Scheide*, or Geneva: and actually contrived to pour it down his throat, and then with his companions pursued his libations until the whole party lay in all the unconsciousness of excessive inebriety on the floor. David, if presumed dead, was not, however, *spirit proof*, for he revived by the ardent draught; and awaking to sense, was no less astonished at the state in which he found himself, than at the general prostration of his faithful adherents. He lived and painted subsequently.

## THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

Fragments from the *Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.*

## No. III.

BY SOCIETY, I do not mean the intercourse between persons of the same class which friendship, or the desire of relaxation, or the madness for amusement, produces; but I mean the condition of human nature, in which men are assembled together, and bound by laws, for the comfort and protection of each other. This social union is, of course, of a very different kind in various countries; and I intend to comment on some of the peculiarities which it seems to exhibit in England. Among these, the first I shall mention is the nature and degree of the influence exercised by wealth.

'Wealth! wealth! wealth! Praise be to the god of the nineteenth century! The golden idol—the mighty Mammon!' Such are the accents of the time, such the cry of the nation. There never was an age when money could accomplish so much as now in England. There never was a time when it was so necessary for comfort. There may here and there be an individual who does not spend his heart in labouring for riches; but there is nothing approaching to a class of persons actuated by any other desire. To rest contented with poverty, demands more courage in any man than would furnish forth a score of martyrs, or a hundred heroes. He who would attempt to make the improvement of his own nature, and of his age, the business of his life, and therefore to remain satisfied with a spare and unostentatious subsistence, is railed at, as one knowing nothing of the true objects of existence, a useless and contemptible being, to be treated with haughtiness by every gambler in the funds, by every man whose soul is put out at compound interest, whose very being is garnered in a money-chest, by every owner of hereditary acres, and oracle of hereditary wisdom. To succeed in life is to make a large fortune, without doing any thing which would send a man to prison. To be unsuccessful is not the being ignorant, or luxurious, or envious, or sensual; but simply the being poor,—the one unpardonable sin—not against the Spirit of God, but against the spirit of the world. In England, the poor man walks surrounded with an atmosphere of shame. He lives upon the bitter crumbs of insolence which fall from the rich man's table; and the common air of social humanity reaches him only in pinching blasts.

Wherefore is this? It is a dark ingrained spot in the national mind. It is a propensity which every good man must oppose; and which, if the country were in a healthy state, could never have grown upon it. But, like every thing else, it must have its cause, or its causes, for they probably are many; and those causes, it would be well worth while to discover. The chief of them seems to be the nature of the Government, which is founded, half on privilege, and half on wealth. But the wealth can buy the privilege; and with it, therefore, is ultimately lodged the whole political power of England. The Government is a chrysocracy. Not that form of polity, in which power is adapted to property, and the greatest mass of property has the chief dominion in the commonwealth; but that in which a small number of the richest individuals retain, in their own hands, the whole energies of the state. The law of succession in England, which gives the whole undivided property to the eldest son, has set the fashion with regard to other property; and it is the ambition of every man who can obtain a large fortune, to transmit it undiminished to some one of his family. Those great inheritances become the standards by which opinion measures wealth; and, as society is not parcelled out by any impassable barriers, there is a perpetual struggle upward, from step to step, in the scale of riches

and of consequent estimation, which concentrates the whole mind, and every feeling of the country, into the voracity for gain. Power, rank, political influence, all the most splendid objects of human eagerness are, to an Englishman, comprised in wealth: and what is there of wonder, that the talents, and industry, and enterprise of the country, all that should be instruments of good, are devoted to this one pursuit?

Hence arises that indifference to every thing in literature which does not minister either to amusement or profit. Hence it is, that novels and works on political economy, are the only books that now find favour, except, indeed, those party histories which are intended as engines of attack or defence for profitable monopolies: and, hence, our popular literature is completely stripped of that majestic character imprinted upon it of old, by minds which were directed to far other aims than the mere work-day business of vulgar interests. Hence it is, that nothing is an end in itself; nothing precious to man except as leading him to riches: and truth and benevolence are good only because they minister to the increase of the means of enjoyment.

The Englishman of the nineteenth century does not, indeed, like those who laud the wisdom of our ancestors for the things in which alone they were foolish, discover, in the errors of the past, the links that connect it with the present; but he sees, in the merits of the present, a barrier that separates it from the past. In his view, we may analyse the mind by chemical solvents, and melt the heart in a blow-pipe; we may arrive at the innermost secrets of the universe by algebraic process; and, by extraction of the square root, lay bare the deepest fibres of the tree of knowledge. A pair of compasses and a quadrant are means, not only of intellectual progress, but of moral regeneration. He thinks to discover God amid the skies, by taking an observation; and physical science is not merely the wand of Moses to call forth water from the rock, and to govern natural causes, but the fiery presence and living glory of the Deity. To him the most spiritual of poetry is dreaming, religion is mysticism, and enthusiasm madness. His vocabulary is confined to the one word 'utility,' and the beautiful, the true, the good, are its subservient offspring,—not princes and gods themselves, but slaves to the peddling merchant, expediency. He weighs the happiness of mankind as a usurer his ingots, and numbers it as a farmer his sheaves: for to him it consists only in sheaves and ingots, and those faculties of our nature, which cannot employ themselves in reading bills of exchange, and reckoning oxen,—are a sound—a fancy—nothing. His philosophy is only another name for the general principles of profit and loss, and his mind is a blank signed with the style and title of *MAN*, but to be filled up as may be determined by the 'science of circumstances.' In defiance of all the records of poor men, whose good feelings have made them happy, he sees, in political economy, not merely the science of the laws which regulate wealth, but the science which alone must govern the welfare of our species; and he would be willing to sacrifice, not only sight, hearing, and speech, so that he might be wealthy, but earnestness, gentleness, courage, and love of truth,—faith, hope, and charity.

Such is the philosopher of the day, and so different his wisdom from that which would have in it any thing of a reforming or purifying power. But the most melancholy peculiarity of the age is, the effect on the great mass of the instructed classes of this inordinate and all-devouring eagerness for riches. There is nothing round us of that meditative calm in which the mind of a nation might deliberately address itself to high aims, and serenely take upon it the noble and laborious task of self-regeneration. The whole energies of the land and time, are given up to 'spending and getting,' and the exhausting anxiety for mo-

ney leaves behind it a lassitude from which no stimulants can rouse, except those which embody the fiercest turbulence of evil passions. The nation is thus diseased to the very core. Its physicians offer it poisons for remedies, and the malady which preys upon it prevents it from discovering that it is not in the vigorous flush of health. Why does not a prophet arise among this great people, to lament over them, as did the Seers of Judah over their degraded country? To tell them of their lapses and their wanderings, and to exhibit, in mighty and terrible visions, the judgments which wait upon the ill-doings of nations? Yet, would the voice of an Isaiah be listened to on the Stock Exchange? or the pampered heart of aristocracy tremble at the accents of Ezekiel?

No: there are men in England who could accomplish this work, if it were to be done on a sudden. But this may not be. A change of institutions is necessary; and this change cannot take place without an alteration in the mind of the country. To this reform of thought and feeling, it is not likely that England will arrive, until she has been taught by much sorrow, been disciplined into wisdom by suffering, and learnt to listen to the voices of the teachers, of such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge, and, in another way, Chalmers, who for years have been speaking to those that will not hear, and uttering truth to those that will not understand. What immediate change can be hoped for, when, even in the appointed places of education, the same profuse expenditure is observed, as that which is seen through all the rest of England, and which makes it necessary for every one, in the upper and middling classes, to think of scarce any thing but the means of gain. From these institutions men come into the world with habits of luxury, which are the curse of their future years, and which often make their lives but one long struggle of expense and anxiety, display and misery.

The evil does not reside in the want or the superfluity of wealth, but in the inequality of its distribution. It is easy to refer this, as is so commonly and so vaguely done, to the influence of civilisation, and to look no further. But if, as is no doubt the case, the division of labour and the progress of the arts tend to produce this result, wherefore should artificial institutions tend to increase the evil? Wherefore should the laws of inheritance be such as to perpetuate a moral mischief of the most lamentable kind,—such as to make the few rich, and the many poor, and thereby establish laws of opinion, which lead the many to drudge away their lives in seeking to gain the same level as the few? And, though it may be said that this can act but upon a small part of the community, and must leave the vast majority in the condition which they are found to exhibit elsewhere; yet, be it remembered, that the persons on whom it does act, are the very class among whom exist, in all countries, the seeds and promise of national improvement; that those whom these laws debase, and consign to lives of greediness and ostentation, are the strength and heart of the country; that it is from the aristocracy, and the largest instructed classes immediately below them, and especially actuated upon by aristocratical ambition,—that it is from them we ought to be entitled to expect every thing for the education of the body of the people. When you degrade the gentry into machines for accumulation and votaries of luxury, and make them alternately misers and spendthrifts, you do almost all that is possible for destroying the best hopes of England; you do all that man can do to prevent the existence of men, who, with that freedom from manual labour which is necessary for the highest cultivation of the faculties, would also have those moderate and self-denying habits which are indispensable to the growth of virtue; all that is possible to deprive the people of moral teachers, and to quench for ever the light of wisdom. It illuminated the humble study of Milton, and

brightened the page of Harrington. Shall it now gleam only amid the mountains of Westmoreland, and scarce be known to any but some unregarded FRIEND?

#### VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

(Continued from page 456.)

##### Enormous Field-pieces used by the Turks.

During the summer in which the preceding events took place, one Orban, a Hungarian metal-founder, passed over from the Emperor's into the Sultan's service, and received so many gifts and such a liberal appointment from his new master, that, had he been offered but a fourth part as much by the Greek Ministry, he would never have dreamed of quitting the imperial city. Mohammed inquired of him whether he could cast a cannon capable of crumbling the walls of Constantinople? 'It is in my power,' replied the Hungarian, 'to cast cannon of any calibre that is desired, and grind the walls of Constantinople and Babylon into powder: I will answer for my science extending thus far; but I cannot pronounce to what extent the shot will range.' The Sultan gave him directions to proceed with the casting, but not to trouble himself about the range of the shot, which should be subsequently determined. As a specimen of his skill, Orban cast a cannon for the great tower on the Bosphorean Channel, and a trial of its range was made upon the first vessel which sailed past without hauling in her sails. A Venetian ship, commanded by one Ricci, was made use of as a target, and afforded satisfactory evidence of the perfectness of the casting, as well as the range of the shot. It was struck, severed asunder, and sunk. The captain and thirty of his crew escaped the dangers of the turbulent current in a boat, but, on reaching the shore, fell into the hands of the Turkish garrison. They were loaded with fetters and brought before the Sultan at Didymotichon; by his orders, the sailors were beheaded, the captain impaled, and their dead bodies exposed to rot in the open air. This barbarous scene was witnessed by Ducas, the historian, who was a resident at Didymotichon at that period.\*

Mohammed was so perfectly satisfied with the founder's skill and the result of the trial, that he directed the construction of a prodigious battering piece, twice as large as the first; in fact, the largest which is recorded in the annals of the 'tormentorum bellicorum.' It vomited stone balls, twelve spans in circumference, and twelve hundred pounds in weight,† was moved with great difficulty by fifty pair of bullocks, and was committed to the manipulation of seven hundred men.

When the casting was completed, the piece was transported to the gate of the palace *Dschihannuma*, (or spectacle of the world,) a lofty pile, which had just been finished at Adrianople; and on this spot it was, for the first time, loaded with infinite trouble. Notice was then given to the inhabitants, that it would be discharged the next morning: it was feared, that, without such a warning, the terror occasioned by its report might have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. The morning dawned, the piece was fired off, an immense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole city, its thunders were heard for several hours in the distance, and the shot buried itself a fathom deep in the ground, at the distance of a

mile from the spot whence it was discharged. By the trepidation, which it spread far and wide, this enormous masterpiece of pyrotechny at least bespoke the gigantic schemes of conquest on which the grasping mind of its owner was intent.

This cannon, together with two smaller pieces, which discharged balls of one hundred and sixty pounds weight, was subsequently employed at the siege of Constantinople, where it was stationed opposite the gate of St. Romanos, which was afterwards denominated 'The Cannon Gate,' a name it has retained to the present day. It consumed two hours in loading, and, on the first day, was discharged seven times; the eighth firing was on the second, when it gave the signal for an attack. Though it soon afterwards burst and destroyed its founder, it was speedily repaired, and continued to be used seven times a day, but without producing the effects which had been anticipated from it.

##### The Sultan's Vigils—A Night Scene.

By night, as well as day, were Mohammed's thoughts unceasingly occupied by schemes of conquest and destruction. Accompanied by two confidential persons, he was accustomed every evening to perambulate his metropolis, with a view to listen, in disguise, to what passed among the populace and soldiery. If any one had the rashness to show, by the usual greeting, that he recognised his sovereign, the unwelcome intruder's heart was greeted in return by the point of Mohammed's dagger.\*

One night, he sent his eunuchs to summon Chalil-Pasha into his presence. The Grand Vizier, who had, on two several occasions, during Amurath's lifetime, been concerned in dethroning Mohammed, his son, felt his head wag on his shoulders. He resolved, however, on disguising his fears, took up a dish, filled it with gold, and thus furnished, made the best of his way to his master's chamber, and there deposited his offering at the feet of the Sultan, whom he found sitting upright in his bed, with his clothes on his back. 'What does that mean, my lord-steward?' inquired Mohammed. 'It is customary with great folks,' answered Chalil, 'when they are called into their master's presence at an unusual hour, never to appear before him with empty hands; the property I now offer thee is not mine but thine own.' 'I have no occasion for it,' returned the Sultan; 'I have but one thing to require of thee, and that is to lend me your assistance in obtaining possession of Constantinople.' The Grand Vizier, whose friendship the Greeks had secretly purchased, was the more terrified at the despot's insinuation, as the populace themselves considered him an ally of the Infidels. He, therefore, entered into the spirit of what was uppermost in Mohammed's mind, and replied, that 'the Lord of All, who had already conferred him the greater part of the Greek territory, would not deny him possession of its capital, and that every individual among the Sultan's servants would be emulous to lay down his gold and his blood to achieve that object.' 'Look ye, proceeded Mohammed, 'look ye well at this bed of mine; here have I been tossing about from side to side, without sleeping the whole night. I give you fair warning; do not suffer yourself to be shaken by either gold or silver. We will fight a hard fight with these Greeks, and, by the aid of God and the prophets, will take their city.' With these words he dismissed the minister, whom he had so effectually scared out of his dreams of security and impunity. He himself consumed this and many a subsequent restless night in devising plans for the siege. He traced with his own hand the situation and walls of the town, the lines of assault, the posts to be occupied by his troops, and the stations to be assigned to the battering train, redoubts, and mines; anxiously seeking

\* Ducas's Hist. Byz., xxxv. p. 139.

† I have seen the cannon of the Dardanelles, which are so capacious that, shortly before my visit, a tailor, who had fled from his creditor, had concealed himself within one of them for several days. There are several stone-balls which have lain at Rhodes ever since Soliman's siege, and weigh many hundred pounds a-piece. I measured them with my own hand, and found them to be twelve spans in circumference. Indeed, the cannon of the Dardanelles appear to have been cast after the model of those which Soliman used at that siege.

personal information from men who were perfectly acquainted with the situation of Constantinople and the state of its fortifications.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

#### 1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

*Ears of Song-Birds.*—It is mentioned in the 'Mellanea Curiosia,' that Mr. Clayton and Dr. Maudsley discovered a remarkable peculiarity in the structure of the ears of birds, particularly those distinguished by their song. Contrary to what takes place in man or quadrupeds, there is in birds almost a direct passage from one ear to the other, so that, if the drum of one ear be pricked, water will pass, when poured in, from one ear to the other. There is, however, no cochlea, but a small cochlea passage, which opens into a large cavity formed between the two bony plates of the skull, so that this passes all round the head. The upper and external plate of bone, forming the skull, is supported by many hundreds of small thread-like pillars or columns which rest upon the lower and interior plate, immediately over the brain.

Now, what is worthy of attention is, that this passage between the outer and inner plates of the skull was observed to be strikingly larger in song-birds than in birds which are not possessed of musical powers. So very remarkable is this difference as to be pointed out, may readily pronounce, upon inspecting the skull of a bird, whether it was a bird of song otherwise, though he might have no previous knowledge of the bird or its habits.

No other animal, examined with a view to comparison in these particulars, was found to have any resemblance of conformation, except the mole, an animal reported to be very quick of hearing.

This singular construction of the skull in birds evidently conformable to the known principles of acoustics, and is, in fact, a sort of whispering-gallery for increasing the intensity of the sounds conveyed to the ear.

It would be worthy of the investigation of anatomists to endeavour to ascertain whether the skulls of celebrated musicians have a greater interval between the outer and inner tables of their skulls than those who are deficient in musical ear.

#### 2. ENTOMOLOGY.

*The Swallow Louse.*—There are few animals, at least of any considerable size, which are not liable to be persecuted by vermin peculiar to their species. Even insects, for instance the dung-beetle and the humble-bee, are frequently seen covered with small insects, which, as well as those that infest cattle and various sorts of fowls, M. Redi has published accurate figures. In some instances, this pest becomes so tormenting as to injure seriously the vigour and health of the animal infested, and sometimes even to occasion death. Cases of this kind, indeed, are chronicled, in which men have fallen victims to the pest, and, among others, we may refer to that of Herod.

On going to visit the ruins of Brougham Castle, Cumberland, the writer of this was struck by the usual tameness of a swallow, (*Hirundo domesticus*) which was sitting on the parapet wall of the bridge that crosses the Eman, on the road from Penrith. Swallows are, indeed, far from being generally distrustful, perhaps, to their rapidity of flight should danger threaten; but this poor swallow allowed itself to be approached without offering to escape. Perhaps it might instinctively court human aid, as its pinions, looks, without much straining, might have been interpreted. On taking hold of it, the feathers were found to be full of the insect denominated by Linnaeus *Pediculus Hirundinis*, but by modern entomologists *Craterina Hirundinis*, which is somewhat larger in size than the common house-bug, (*Cimex lectularius*). This poor swallow was immediately taken to the river, and on being freed from its tormentors, flew off joyfully to join its companions, while the writer passed on to explore the vault in the castle where the Scottish patriot Wallace, is said, by tradition, to have been confined in his way to London.

#### 3. CONCHOLOGY.

*Mangrove Oysters.*—There are two species of fish in the West Indies, sometimes confounded by

\* Ducas affirms that he felt as much delight in killing a human being, as any other animate creature.

under the general name of mangrove oysters. The true mangrove oyster is the *ostrea rhizophora* of zoologists, and is found adhering, in countless numbers, to the roots of mangrove trees, (rhizophora angle,) which grow on the margin of lagoons in Caracou, in company with several other sorts of shells, which, as well as to the bark of the mangrove roots, adhere in large clusters.

The other sort alluded to, is the *Perna Ephippium*, (amarck,) and is very highly esteemed by West Indian epicures. The perna swarms in Mustique and the Antilles, where salt-water lagoons abound. They hang, by their byssus, in crowded clusters, to one another, and to the roots of various trees, particularly the mangrove, which are attached by Providence to the protection of shores exposed to inroads of sea. The cylindrical clustered roots of the mangrove-tree luxuriously even in the surf itself, and the negro has only to take his basket and his hatchet in the lagoon, and, by cutting off a few roots, can procure an abundant meal.

As in the Ostreidae, or true oysters, the shells of the perna are but slightly opened while the animal is feeding on the minute prey that comes within the reach of tentacula. They are exceedingly tenacious of life, a quality of the utmost use to them when they chance to be left dry and exposed to the heat of a tropical sun during tides. The Rev. Mr. Guilding, to whom we are indebted for these interesting details, at first imagined that a small portion of water was enclosed in the shell, as an instinctive provision for evaporation. This, however, he now thinks improbable, because nothing is more deleterious to every species of marine animal than stagnant sea-water, which would certainly prove fatal if it remained unchanged for a single day. May we venture to suggest that this is perhaps one of the final causes of the tides?

#### 4. ICHTHYOLOGY.

*The Four-eyed Fish of Surinam.*—A very singular

construction of the *Cobitis anableps*, has obtained for

the name of the four-eyed fish; for though, in

it, it has only two-eyes, each of these looks like two,

and, in some measure, performs the office of two. The

oil is formed by two membranes projecting from its

gills, folding over each other in the middle, and thus

dividing the aperture into two segments. By this

means, one complete organ of vision is constituted for

near distances, and another for more distant objects.

This contrivance appears to be adapted by Providence

for a similar purpose with the marsupium of birds,—

namely, to obviate a difficulty arising from a deficiency

of power in the ball of the eye of moving in one direction.

Sir Edward Home, who first turned the attention

of naturalists to this curious fact in the Croxton Lecture,

supposes that the *cobitis*, when it rises to the

surface, may have the power of vision both in air and

water at the same time.

#### 5. ORNITHOLOGY.

*The Vulture's power of sight.*—Professor Lichenstein marked, when travelling in South Africa, that if an animal chanced to die in the very midst of the most desert wilderness, in less than half an hour there was, high in the zenith, a number of minute objects descending in spiral wheels, and increasing in visible magnitude at every revolution. These are soon observed to be a flight of vultures, which must have descended from a height, viewless to the human eye, the swooping of the animal immediately marked out for prey.

This fact brings to our mind the passage in St. Matthew—“Where the carcass is, there will the eagles gather together,”—and, “where the slain is, there it is.” It is probable the vulture is here meant, for the eagle, unless severely pressed by hunger, will not rely on carrion. Professor Paxton, indeed, contends that the eagle, and not the vulture is meant, (‘Illustrations of Scripture,’ ii. 9. 1st ed.) and quotes the Cuban historian, Damiér, who asserts, that the eagle discover a carcass at the distance of four hundred paces; but if he find that part of it has been previously eaten by the assifrage, he will not touch the remains of his inferior. This we cannot but think takes rather against than for the Rev. Professor’s opinion. But Damiér is no authority on such a question. Selby (‘Illustrations of British Ornithology, I.) diverts the fact from long observation, that the eagle eats carrion.

The rapidity of the flight of the eagle, or vulture, (whatever of the birds is meant,) is beautifully alluded to by Job: ‘My days are passed away, as the eagle hasteth to his prey.’—(Ch. ix., 26.)

#### 6. MAZOLOGY.

*Ingenuity of Moles.*—Mr. Selby, in his admirable

‘Illustrations of British Ornithology,’ mentions the dexterity and care with which the golden eagle strips birds of their feathers before devouring them. But, in a similar case, the eagle is far exceeded in ingenuity by the mole. Earth-worms are the chief food of the mole, but it does not eat them without careful preparation, by first making an opening in the skin, and, through this, squeezing out the contents of the body, which alone it selects for a *bonne bouche*. What will those would-be wise advocates for natural food say to this?—those sage dieticians, who think their bread adulterated by depriving it of the brown indigestible bran, which is the skin of the wheat. Nature herself, it would appear, has taught the mole a different doctrine.

#### 7.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

*Deaf and Dumb Families.*—Many persons, who have never known any, or perhaps not more than one, deaf and dumb individual in the immediate circle in which they lived, would be astonished to read the lists of applications circulated by the Committee for the Asylum in the Kent Road, so ably conducted by Mr. Watson, which usually contain nearly a hundred names. The most remarkable fact, however, which these lists present, is the number of deaf and dumb children frequently found in the same families, evidently in consequence of the continued operation of some unknown cause connected with the parents. Three, four, and five deaf and dumb children are not uncommonly met with in one family, and, in some instances, there have been as many as seven. In the family of Martain, a labourer, out of ten children, seven were deaf and dumb; in the family of Kelly, a porter, seven out of eight were deaf and dumb; and in the family of Aldum, a weaver, six out of twelve were deaf and dumb. The result of a table of twenty families, given in the ‘Historical Sketch of the Asylum,’ published by Powell, Dowgate-hill, is ninety deaf and dumb out of one hundred and fifty-nine children.

*The Caffres a distinct species of Men.*—A German Professor, of some note as a naturalist, is of opinion that the Caffres of South Africa are a distinct species from other tribes of the human race, *because* they never have colds nor catarrhs, and never sneeze, yawn, cough, nor hawk. How comfortable an audience those Caffres would make for a *lengthy* speech-maker!

If such peculiarities (supposing them well ascertained) depend upon the climate of Caffraria, would it not be an invaluable retreat for our numerous physical invalids, who generally have their complaints sadly aggravated in Italy and the South of France?

#### II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

##### 1. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

*Direction of Roots.*—Sprengel is of opinion, that the direction of the roots of plants towards the centre of the earth is referable to the common law of gravitation, by which plants are partly subject, as they are fixed by their lower extremities to the earth. This, however, he says, is considerably modified by other circumstances which originate in the organisation of the plant; so that in many trees we perceive fewer roots proceeding downward into the soil, than those which we observe running horizontally.

Volney remarked in the forests of America, that all the trees which had been overturned by the winds, exhibited a superficial root, shaped like a mushroom, scarcely eighteen inches deep, and having no top root. He was of opinion, that this indicated their preference of the fine rich soil produced by decayed leaves to the less rich till below.

##### 2. BOTANY.

*Limits of the Cultivation of useful Plants.*—That particular plants thrive better in one climate or soil than another, is a circumstance of common remark, and it is interesting to trace this with reference to the cultivation of useful plants. Many of the articles, for instance, which form so valuable a part of our commerce, are limited to the regions between the tropics, such as coffee, cocoa, anatto, cloves, and ginger. The sugar-cane, again, Indian figs, dates, indigo, and batatas, may be reared beyond the 40° of north latitude. Six degrees farther we find cotton, rice, olives, figs, pomegranates, and myrtles, growing in the open air. The vine appears to succeed best within 50° north latitude, which is also the limit, particularly in the west of Europe, of the cultivation of maize, chestnuts, and almonds. Melons will also succeed to about the same latitude in the open air. The cultivation of plums, peaches, wheat, flax, tobacco, and gourds, ceases in western Europe at 60° north latitude; while, in eastern Europe, apples, pears, plums,

and cherries, do not succeed beyond 47° N., though even beyond 60° we find hops, tobacco, flax, hemp, buckwheat, and pease. The Norwegians plant hemp, oats, barley, rye, and potatoes, even under the polar circle; and the strawberry (the Alpine sort, we believe) flourishes at the North Cape, under 68° N. Much, however, will always depend upon soil and exposure; for when proper shelter can be had from winds, rains, and frost, these limits may be considerably extended.

##### 3. MINERALOGY.

*Adulterations of Gold Dust.*—The temptation to adulterate being always in proportion to the value of the article, the precious metals have long been a favourite field for malpractices, in which even the highest national officers have not scrupled at times to be concerned. In more polished countries, the advance of chemical knowledge has put a stop to much of this unfair traffic; but it is still practised to some extent among less cultivated nations. In Africa, gold dust being an extensive article of commerce, it is frequently adulterated with those varieties of pyrites (*native sulphates of iron and of copper*) which are the nearest to it in colour; and sometimes, also, with brass filings, which the merchants, it would appear, have not the skill to detect, and, in consequence, have sometimes suffered extensive losses. This fraud has given rise to the profession of triers of gold, which is made a lucrative mystery by some of the negroes, who are paid great attention to by captains and merchants. Not unfrequently, however, the triers are in league with the adulterators, and a double imposition is effected. A slight knowledge of chemistry would be sufficient to put an end to these malpractices.

##### 4. GEOLOGY.

*The Newcastle Coal-field.*—It has been estimated, that the different strata of coal, contained in the Newcastle formation, amount to 5,575,680,000 cubic yards, taking the extent at about twenty-three miles. If this estimate be correct, it may be calculated how long it will be before the coal is exhausted in this field, supposing, on an average, that there is annually raised for the market, thirty-one millions of cubic yards, or about twenty-eight millions of tons. By this calculation, it would appear that there will not be coals in the Newcastle field to supply the demand for two hundred years. The regeneration of coal, which some vague speculators have believed in, is altogether a chimera.

*Growth of Rocks.*—Tournefort, the celebrated botanist, thought he had ascertained the fact of the growth of rocks, by observing that the names of visitors, which had been cut in the rock in the grotto of Antiparos, had within a few years projected beyond the surface,—a most fallacious proof of the doctrine, for it only showed the enlargement of the cut portion of the rock, probably from its allowing the water, so much impregnated with lime, to ooze out.

##### 5. ACOUSTICS.

*Medium of Sound.*—If air be the medium for transmitting sounds, how does it happen, that glass, so susceptible of vibrations, is impenetrable to air? It is a most singular fact, that vibrations caused by sound, such as those from the report of artillery, frequently break the glass of adjacent windows to shivers, though, at the same time, they are not capable of moving a feather or a lock of down.

##### 6. METEOROLOGY.

*Hent of the Night in London.*—The celebrated meteorologist, Luke Howard, discovered a very singular difference between the temperature of the night in the metropolis and in the country a few miles distant. On an average of ten years, the night temperature of London was found to be considerably the highest, giving 44° 80', while that of the country was only 41° 10'. The mean variation of the temperature, from the heat of the day to the cold of the night, is, in London, 11° 37'; in the country, 15° 40'; the greater mean variation being 4° 4' in the country.

It renders the preceding facts more striking, that the same does not hold of the temperature by day, the average difference between the metropolis and the country, when taken by the month, being sometimes above, sometimes below, and at others nearly parallel with that in the country.

##### 7. OPTICS.

*Inflection of Light.*—A very remarkable phenomenon takes place when any strangely luminous body is looked at through cloth of a thin texture. In such cases there appears, instead of one luminous body, nine or more, arranged round the principal image, in form of a square. This has been accounted for by opticians on the principles of inflected light, the threads in the cloth acting on the rays from the luminous body, so as to

bend them from their rectilineal course, and thus to multiply the images of the object in the same way as the vapour in the atmosphere sometimes produces mock suns.

#### S. ASTRONOMY.

*A New Star.*—The President of the Astronomical Society, Mr. Herschel, thinks there are good reasons for believing that the fifth star in the trapezium in the nebula of Orion, did not exist there on the 13th of March 1826. It appears to have been first observed by the celebrated astronomer, M. Struve, on the 11th of November, in the same year. The learned President is, therefore, disposed to consider this star either as a new one, or a variable one of a very singular character.

#### III. USEFUL ARTS.

##### 1. AGRICULTURE.

*Hay Harvest.*—As the hay harvest is on the eve of commencing, it may be useful to remind our agricultural readers, that the grass ought not to be suffered to ripen its seed before it be cut down, otherwise all its rich juices will be lost during the ripening. In order to have good, green, rich hay, the grass must be cut green, just when it begins to show flower: that is, botanically speaking, when the anthers expand beyond the valves of the glume. If the hay, when cut in this state, can be got in dry, it will be worth 20 per cent. more than ripe hay; and if any fears are entertained of its heating in the stalks, from fermentation, layers of dry straw, alternated with layers of the hay, will both prevent this, and render the straw palatable to horses and cattle.

##### 2. GARDENING.

*Transplanting Seedlings.*—Those seedling plants which have abundance of fibres to the root, may be removed from the seed-bed to other stations without much danger of checking their growth. As examples, we may mention China-asters, nasturtiums, scarlet-runners, &c. But, when plants have top roots with few fibres, removal is almost certain to injure them. Instances of this may be found in poppies, lupins, lark-spurs, and even in stocks.

##### 3. MEDICINE.

*Soundness of the Lungs.*—Dr. W. Lyons, of Edinburgh, proposes an ingenious and practical test for trying the soundness of the lungs. The patient is directed to draw in a full breath, and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly, without again drawing in his breath. The number of seconds he can continue counting is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. But when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.—*Mackenzie's Glasg. Med. Journ.*

##### 4. ENGINEERING.

*Prevention of Tunnel Accidents.*—We are indebted for the following useful hint to Mr. Hill, one of the patentees of the Steam Carriage:

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

SIR,—As I perceive that the operations at the unfortunate Thames Tunnel are likely again to be commenced, I beg to suggest to the public in general, and to Mr. Brunel in particular, the propriety of adopting a plan to discover the approach to water long known in mining operations, and in the county of Cornwall in particular. It is this: whenever the miners suspect he is near confined water, or dangerous ground, he perforates a horizontal hole to a convenient distance before him, and continues to keep it to such a depth as will secure safety by the thickness of the ground. As the digging proceeds, the boring of the hole advances towards the water; it is discharged by the small hole, without danger to the operator. I have known many cases where this practice has been the salvation of many valuable lives. If this plan were adopted at the Tunnel, either by using the solid bar driven into the ground in each of the boxes, and taken out when it had penetrated so far as to keep all safe, or by a hollow tube which might always remain in, and be driven forward when necessary, the apertures would serve as drains to bring the water off, and would give an alarm by the quantity of the discharge when danger was near, by which means the men would work in perfect safety and confidence.

I fear there is no plan now that would prevent an eruption in bad parts of the river, and am satisfied that the methods Mr. Brunel has adopted are such as will enable him to carry through the undertaking; but a feeling of humanity induces me to trouble you

with this hint, in the hope that, if it is thought worth notice, and adopted, it may be the means of preventing any further loss of life. Yours, &c.

J. R. HILL.

#### LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

*Paris, May 24, 1828.*

SIR,—If you wish to see a faithful picture of those ridiculous, and, in many instances, morally atrocious scenes, which have taken place for the last thirty years, I would recommend to your perusal a new collection of Dialogues, entitled *Scènes Contemporaines*. These scenes are perfectly true to nature, though the effect is calculated to produce painful, rather than pleasurable, impressions. Instead of laughing at the interlocutors in these scenes, one wishes to see them punished. Proverbs are attributed to the pen of M. de la Touche, author of the amusing 'Correspondence of l'Arlequin Carlo Bertinazzi with Pope Gangarelli,' who suppressed the Jesuits, because he foresaw that, if he did not destroy them, they would destroy him. M. de la Touche has also published a curious novel, entitled 'Olivier Brusson,' from which was taken the famous melodrama of 'Cordillac.' M. le Clerq's six witty volumes, M. de Fongeray's two volumes, and M. de la Touche's newly-published volume, present a collection of *Proverbes*, or little Comedies, exhibiting a faithful picture of French society in the year 1828. (Observe the date, for possibly all will be changed in 1830.) The great passion of the Russians and Germans is to learn the manners of Parisian society, just as your city clerks and shopkeepers are ambitious to know how ladies of fashion dance and behave at Almack's. But the Russians and the Germans who have not the means of travelling, imitate the French manners of forty years back. Thus, high life in Petersburg is an exact copy of French fashion about the end of the reign of Louis XVI. in 1784.

We are much amused in France by conjectures at the singular effect which M. de Clerq's Proverbs will produce on our northern imitators; the fidelity of these pictures is obvious from the great admiration they have excited in France,—and the Russians, of course, will regard them as a school of *bon ton*. But in France the manners of fashionable society have been greatly modified by the existence of a discussing and specifying Chamber of Deputies. This essential element of our manners is wanting, and will probably long yet bewanting, at St. Petersburg. The world of fashion in the north of Europe is thus reduced to a very vexatious embarrassment. The Russians will be forced to relinquish their imitation of the Parisians, or, like the Canadians, who still speak French as it was spoken in year 1700, they must still be content with the manners of Louis XVI.'s time.

I have been led into the above observations with the view of showing that the *Proverbes* of M. M. Le Clerq and Fongeray paint French society as it has been formed by ten years of the genius of Napoleon, and ten years of the stupidity of his successors. In France, a king will always exercise immense influence on fashion and women, and consequently on men, even on those who most wish to be thought independent; and to hear them talk, one would suppose that nothing short of a Republic, like that of America, would satisfy them. In fact, unless a king be absolutely ridiculous, he will be a favourite in the fashionable world in France. A sovereign like Francis I., would annihilate our Royer Collards, and Benjamin Constant.

M. de Martignac, our Minister of the Interior, who is a sensible man, has recently permitted the representations of the 'Marriage of Figaro.' Nobody has been scandalised by the performance of this comedy. The witty sarcasms with which it abounds, gave offence to nobody, except, perhaps, those who had good reason to be afraid of them.

M. de La Croix, a young painter of considerable talent, has exhibited here a painting of Sardanapalus dying. The composition seems to have been inspired by the genius of Lord Byron; the same energy, the same depth of misery, and, I may perhaps say, the same satanic tone, pervade the works of both the painter and the poet. M. de La Croix, has also published an edition of Goethe's Faust, with lithographic illustrations. Goethe was himself struck with the performance, and wrote a letter to the young artist who has so ably embodied his ideas. The picture of the Death of Queen Elizabeth, of which I spoke in one of my former letters, is more and more admired every day.

The topic which still prevails is Kean's comic failure in *Richard III.* All the town took their speeches to the theatre, and evinced much disappointment when they could not find in the text what was produced upon the scene. But, by the aid of printing, some who had the larger volume in their hands, which contains all the plays of Shakespeare, at last succeeded in finding, at the end of Henry the Sixth, the murder of that unfortunate King, which, according to Kean's representation, begins the tragedy of the Third. This disappointment made the audience indifferent during the first act. When the first act is lost upon a French audience, it is not easy to recover it. It was observed, that Kean spoiled his audience by two or three gestures not remarkable for their dignity, and much too frequently repeated, for example, arranging the belt by which his sword was suspended, as if he had not been accustomed to carry a weapon at his side; and striking his breast, three or four times in quick succession, with his right hand.

The honours of the evening were reserved for Smithson, an actress scarcely known in London, but who pleases here, because her acting is better or not so bad, as that of our female tragedians; which, in truth, is very small praise. Miss Smithson tears from all the boxes, and a great part of the audience when she parted from the King, her son, and her young brother, and when she left them in the Tower, where she apprehended that Richard would soon come to be assassinated. The rencontre between Richard and his rival Bolingbroke, at the close of the play, was admired. Kean, who, on entering, had received with three rounds of applause, (which were perfectly just,) drew down no hearty acclamations in the course of his performance, except from his own friends, till his last and singular death in this combat. It was deemed that a remarkable part of Mr. Kean's talents did wrong to present, under so usual a guise of Shakespeare, the unmeaning rhapsody acting in the play he calls Richard the Third. The characters pass the rapidity of the magic lantern, and one has not to interest one-self in any of them. This opinion, which prevailed on all sides of the house, appears to me perfectly just.

Had Macready remained a month longer in Paris, and effected his marriage with a French actress, he would have been quite the rage. His manner of killing his daughter, in the fourth act of *Virginius*, and his madness in the fifth, were considered quite heroic, without rendering. His style of acting was becoming the common topic of conversation in French society. Many of the ladies wondered how the excessive passion of Virginius could deprive him of the power of speech and action. Many of the men would have had more energy and a more social force in an ancient Roman. Happily, at Paris, the arts are duly appreciated, and the merits of performance, whether in painting or acting, are sure to be a matter of discussion. All Paris would have gone to see Macready, to form an opinion on the man. Macready, but he, ungrateful man! left us unmercifully, just when we were, probably, about making a great man of him.

To anticipate the ridicule which our infatuation will bring upon us in England, I ought to tell you that the thing in the world is so ridiculous and abominable as our present tragical performers. We have, among others, one Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who has just acting the part of a Queen of twenty-two years old, *M.P.*, *Elizabeth de France, ou le Don Carlos*, a piece translated from Schiller, by M. Soumet, which she gave such a manner as to empty in ten minutes a house of 2,000 spectators. You cannot imagine any thing more tedious and disgusting. It is by this contrast that Miss Smithson has acquired the first-rate reputation we have given her, which I very much desire that you would confirm on the other side of the channel.

M. Nodier, a man of much wit, and, what is more, a very original writer, a little in the style of Sterne, published a singular volume, under the title of 'Contes de Littérature Legale.' He contends that Paris is a notorious plagiarist. M. Nodier's style resembles that of Horace Walpole, and his volume has a peculiar charm for men of wit between 40 and 50 years of age. I shall return to this whimsical production.

Mr. BEHNE, the Sculptor, is employed on a bust of the young Prince George of Cumberland, who has already attended three sittings; and the Royal painter for whom it is intended have expressed great satisfaction with the labours of the Artist.

\* Author of 'Lettres Provinciales,' against the Junto, and of 'The Thoughts.'

## FINE ARTS.

## Royal Academy Exhibition.

*Studies of Heads*, E. V. Rippingille, 287, &c seq., the size and situation are likely to be overlooked, well deserve notice for their remarkable expression of truth. The No. 288 is especially excellent and striking.

*Disturbed by the Night Mare*, No. 308, is a very humorous piece, by the unfortunate Mr. Theodore Lane, who met his death in so dreadful a manner a week. His *'Enthusiasm'*, in the water-colour exhibition, is even a more felicitous attempt than the one we have seen.

*Portrait of a Lady*, W. E. West, No. 313, is a very finely-finished picture of a very beautiful subject, in a manner new, fanciful, and elegant.

*Scene in the Highlands, with the Portraits of the Dukes of Bedford, the Duke of Gordon, and Lord Alex-*

*ander Russell*, E. Landseer, A., No. 352, is a very fine painting, remarkable for its variety of touch and freedom from mannerism. The game and animals are in Mr. Landseer's best style.

*Portrait of the Viscountess Eastnor*, Mrs. W. Carpenter, No. 366, is a very elegant and interesting por-

trait, with a peculiar expression of happy pensiveness,

till his arm with singular feeling: the delicacy of the hands is remarkable; the colouring, of the flesh especially, as

is usual with Mrs. Carpenter's productions, is

admirable in tone.

In the Ante-Room, the chief attractions are all on one side. These are the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bonington, and Mr. Landseer.

*Grand Canal, with the Church of La Vergine del la*

*venice*, No. 470, R. P. Bonington, is a free, spi-

ed, and effective picture. The subject is after Cana-

dal, and it is no little praise to Mr. Bonington to

that his performance reminds us of that artist's

style, without giving cause to regret him.

*Portrait of a Terrier*, the property of Owen Williams, M.P., E. Landseer, is capitalley executed. The animal is, every inch of him, alive.

In the President's *Portrait of the Earl of Eldon* we have

already noticed.

There seems no love lost between Mr. Glover and the Royal Academy. He disdains to send his best per-

formances to their exhibition, and they are above coaxing

by assigning his works their best places. No. 403,

*Upper Lake of Killarney*, taken from St. Rhonayne's

and *View in the Alps, not far from St. Maurice*,

are nevertheless quite recognisable as the produc-

tion of Mr. Glover's pencil.

The architectural designs form a very important and

interesting portion of the Exhibition, more especially

these piping times of peace, when architecture ap-

pears to be meeting with gradually increasing encou-

agement, and, in some classes of society at least, be-

ing every day better understood and appreciated.

Library has always been appropriated to the exhibi-

tion of designs in this art. In some crowded seasons,

one or two may have taken possession of the

entire square feet of the walls, to the exclusion of

performances of more than one embryo Sir Chris-

ter; but, this year, no such unlawful invasion of

possessed rights and privileges has taken place,

the walls are hung with designs sufficient to adorn

the most mighty empire, and to ruin the most opulent

of Sterne's novels.

The first subject, in point of size and importance, is

*National Waterloo Monument*, by P. F. Robinson, a

bold and showy composition, but wanting the sub-

limb commensurate with the subject. The drawing is

admirably spirited, and the whole bespeaks a master-

artist.

The Professor's designs are next. They abound in the

avangard, ingenious whims, and concealed oddities,

which pervade, more or less, all his performances, and

give them with so meretricious a character. All the de-

signs here exhibited are comprised in Mr. Soane's pub-

lication, which we have recently had occasion to notice.

We shall here content ourselves with cautioning the

gentleman, while he admires the brilliant invention and

genius of the worthy Professor, to beware how he imi-

tates the wild extravagancies which the sublimest genius would barely excuse.

Mr. Wilkins presents us with some views of his buildings at Cambridge, most beautifully drawn by Mackenzie. *The London University* is a good and clever design, with the exception of its three wretched domes, which we feel confident will even look worse in execution than they do in the drawing. Mr. Wilkins also exhibits a *Design for the rebuilding of St. George's Hospital*, which will add considerably to the already splendid architectural effect of Hyde Park Corner. The perspective sketch of this design is extremely clever, but the elevation of the wings is not free from objection. Mr. Wilkins may have classical authority for his central ante, but we cannot think their application at all happy in the instance before us. The best performance of Mr. Wilkins is No. 1003, *Design for a Mansion at Blyth, Norfolk*. It is a most successful imitation of the style of Inigo Jones, and has all the dignity and character of a truly English mansion.

Mr. Donaldson has only presented us with one small design—*A Monument to Mr. Canning*. It is, however, a charming composition, worthy of the best days of Rome, and free from the paltry affectation of Greek, daily exhibited by our plasterers and carpenters.

Mr. Parke, who contributed so splendidly to the two last exhibitions, has enriched this also with two beautiful drawings. The first is a *Design for an Entrance to a City*, in which he has attempted to unite Grecian and Egyptian architecture. While we admire the genius which prompted the attempt, we think the performance less happy than Mr. Parke's previous efforts. *The View of the Temple in Nubia, near Kar-*

*dassy*, by the same artist, is one of the most beautiful drawings we ever beheld; we consider it the perfection of art, and most cordially congratulate Mr. Parke on his success.

*Lansdowne Town, Bath*, No. 1014, erected for William Beckford, Esq., is a very remarkable composition, and has considerable pictorial effect. It is, evidently, the creation of an extraordinary mind, and proceeds, we believe, from the highly-talented possessor himself. The drawing is extremely beautiful.

*The Campanile at Florence*, is a very chilling performance, and can scarcely be believed to be the work of one who has ever felt the influence of the sunny sky of Italy.

*Sketch of the Second best Staircase in a Palace*, No. 1026. If this be only the second best, what must be the best one? In that, Mr. Gandy, of course, surpasses himself.

*The West and South Sides of Belgrave Square*, is a fine drawing of design, in which there is very considerable merit. We rejoice that Mr. Basseev has so excellent an opportunity of displaying his taste, and congratulate him that he has avoided the architectural affectations of the day.

Two views of *The alterations at Drummond Castle*, are very beautiful drawings, and afford us additional proofs of Mr. Barry's very superior knowledge of Gothic architecture. We are already indebted to this highly-talented architect for the most successful Gothic structures of the present day; and we are quite sure that his works at Drummond Castle will augment the fame he already enjoys.

There are several other very clever and admirable designs in the room, which our space will not allow us to particularize; and we are not saying too much in avowing the opinion, that the Library contains the best and most meritorious portion of the exhibition. We regret only to see so few performances from the portfolios of those architects who have travelled, and whom we know to be possessed of such valuable stores from Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt. We cannot help desiring, that these architects would make known to the public of the result of their labours, not only by exhibiting views of the places they have visited, but by taking at once the highest branch of their profession, and giving us restorations of the splendid monuments of antiquity.

## ENGRAVINGS.

*The Wolf and the Lamb*. Painted by W. Mulready, R.A., and Engraved by John H. Robinson. Published by Moon, Boys, and Greaves, under the immediate superintendance of the Committee of the Artists' Fund. London, 1828.

We took occasion to advert to this splendid Engraving, in a former Number, when it was in progress of execution. We have now, however, the pleasure to an-

ounce its completion and publication: and its very superior excellence happily confirms all the eulogy bestowed upon it on that occasion. The subject of the print is well known as exhibiting the extremes of fierceness and timidity in two school-boys, one of whom is threatening, and the other shrinking from, his violence; while an infant girl, having dropped her books in alarm, is hastening to the scarcely less agitated mother, who rushes out to effect a separation of the boys,—in whom the characteristics of the Wolf and the Lamb are made apparent in every feature, limb, and muscle. The whole of the picture is full of interest; and the engraving, which is in the line manner, is in the very highest class of art. What gives a great additional interest and value to this production, and establishes for it a very strong claim to the general patronage of the friends of Art, is the fact, that Mr. Mulready, the painter of the original, has most munificently given over to the Artists' Benevolent Fund all the profits that may arise from the copyright of the engraving, which are already estimated at one thousand pounds,—the most splendid donation that the Artists' Fund ever received, and one that does the donor infinite honour. We were present at the late anniversary dinner of the Artists' Fund Society, when Lord Lyndhurst announced this fact from the chair; and the enthusiastic acclamations with which it was received by the numerous and brilliant assemblage of the principal artists and amateurs of the country, showed how highly the gift was appreciated. We should add, that the Committee of Management, having determined that the Work should do honour to their cause, have undertaken to inspect every impression that is issued, and to permit no imperfect ones to go out; so that purchasers may be assured, not only of having a very excellent engraving from a very masterly picture, but also a fine impression, which, we regret to say, is more difficult than persons unacquainted with those matters would imagine to be generally obtained.

*View in the Transept of Ely Cathedral; and View in the Chapel of Henry VII., in the Abbey Church, Westminster. From Drawings by C. Wild*. Published by R. Jennings, Poultry. London, 1828.

THESE rich and imposing representations of two interesting architectural views at the whole range of our Gothic specimens could furnish form part of the series now publishing of the principal Ecclesiastical Edifices of England. Independently of the intrinsic interest and beauty of the original scenes or views themselves, their execution is of sufficient merit to create a new source of pleasure. They are boldly, yet accurately, drawn, richly and even gorgeously coloured, and the tints so softly and harmoniously blended, as to resemble closely original drawings; so much so, indeed, that, mounted as they are, it requires the eye of an experienced connoisseur to perceive the difference. We do not know any series of Views, now in course of publication, more calculated to please generally than this interesting and valuable collection of architectural beauties.

*A Selection of the most remarkable and interesting of the Fishes found on the Coasts of Ceylon, from Drawings made in the Southern parts of that Island, from the Living Specimens*. By John Whitchurch Bennett, Esq., F.R.S., and Member of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Ceylon. No. I., 4to., 17. 1s. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

THIS is the commencement of a work intended to be completed in Six Numbers, each containing five plates, which will be fac-similes, in colours, of the original drawings, accompanied by letter-press descriptions; to be continued monthly till finished. The fine prints contained in this are such as, we think, will induce all who take up the first Number to desire the remainder; as, on a comparison of the Work with the Prospectus, we find what is not always the case, the publication realising all that had been promised. We shall do no more than justice to both author and reader, by transcribing the principal portions of the document referred to:

It has often been remarked, that no part of natural history has received so little attention, and is consequently so little known, as the fourth class of animals in the Linnean system. Ceylon abounds with fishes, not less beautiful in appearance than they are, for the most part, delicious as food; and of which neither drawing nor description has ever yet been submitted to the public. In the works of Knox, Percival, Cordiner, Bertolacci, or Davy, on Ceylon, the reader would look in vain for any thing in the shape of information as to the ichthyology of that important island.

The plates of this work will be accurate fac-similes of the original drawings, all of which have been made from the living fish. Several of these specimens are so extraordinary, that they might be taken for mere creatures of the artist's imagination; but they will be accompanied by a certificate from the head men of the Fishers' Caste, affirming them to be correct delineations. From ocular demonstration and comparison, the author has reason to believe, that, for his celebrated work on "Fishes," Bloch made his drawings, in many instances, from subjects, after life had been for some time extinct. Such is the case particularly in regard to the Zeus Vomer, Balistes Vetus, Balistes Tomentosus, Chaetodon Curacoua, Chaetodon Vagabundus, Scorpæna antennata, &c. &c.

The descriptive portion of the work will combine such local information as the author has been able to collect, with so much as can be gleaned from preceding writers on the subject. The Cingalese name of each specimen will be given, together with the Linnean, wherever it can be obtained.

The author refers to the subjoined document, and to the list of most respectable subscribers who have patronised his work in the island of Ceylon itself, as the strongest evidence of its authenticity and interest, and of the opinion entertained of this undertaking on the spot where its value can be most correctly appreciated.

We have only to add, that this list is both long and respectable; and we cannot doubt the very general success of the undertaking.

*Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by T. C. Lewis, with descriptions, by G. Cumberland, Esq., dedicated by permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Septimus Prowett. London, 1828.*

We have before us, the two first Numbers of this work, which is intended to consist of eighty engravings, with an introductory Essay by the author, and critical descriptions, to be completed in four Numbers, or Parts, containing twenty etchings, price fifteen shillings, in imperial octavo. The whole work is expected to be finished on the 1st of August.

It would be difficult to make any selection of outlines really taken from the Ancients, that should not be both instructive and interesting; so that the design, if executed with but tolerable skill, would still be worth patronising. The two Numbers before us contain forty subjects, amongst which are some that are not so well executed as they might have been, though there are others well done, and such as recommend themselves by the mere force of their intrinsic interest. Generally speaking, however, there is a want of firmness in the outlines; in which respect they are inferior to Baxter's work of the same description, published some years ago. There is this recommendation, however, that the Second Part, both in choice of subject and manner of treatment, is superior to the First; and, considering the price, 3/-, for the whole Series of Eighty Engravings, it would be unreasonable to expect more labour to be bestowed on them than is indispensable to mere accuracy of outline, which, we think, is generally attained.

*The Right Honourable Countess of Sheffield, Engraved by F. A. Dean, from a Picture by J. Jackson, R.A. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

This exquisite print, of which proofs only are selling separately by the Publisher named, is, we understand, to appear in the June Number of "La Belle Assemblee," to which it cannot fail to be a very powerful recommendation. Independently of the soft and feminine loveliness of the distinguished lady whose portrait it represents, there is, as a mere work of art, so much grace and beauty in the composition and drawing of the picture, and such skill in the high-wrought finish of the Engraving, that it is impossible to look on it without admiration.

*Portia and Bassanio. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding, from a Picture by H. P. Briggs, A. R. A. Ackermann. London, 1828.*

LITHOGRAPHY is making rapid improvement every day. The specimen before us approaches very nearly to aqua tinta of the ordinary standard in general effect. The moment chosen by the Artist is that in which Bassanio is about to decide his fate by preferring one of the three caskets, placed before him for his choice; on opening one of which he exclaims, "What find I here?—Fair Portia's counterfeit!"

## NEW MUSIC.

*Part of a Sinfonia, by Beethoven, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-Forte, by William Crotch, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Harmonic Institution. 4s.*

This is a clever and desirable adaptation of the remarkable, effective, and yet eccentric, allegretto movement in Beethoven's 7th sinfonia, op. 92, which was encored on its performance at the sixth Philharmonic Concert this season. The learned Doctor's arrangement is (as might be expected) as good as possible; and, for music of the first class, will not be found at all difficult of execution. He follows the principal movement by a short sketch of the vivace, (in A 6-8 time,) which precedes it in the sinfonia.

*The Wild Rose, a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Love the Poetry by G. Whutton; the Music composed and dedicated to Mrs. Papineau, by Charles Wodarch, Composer and Leader to the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. Harmonic Institution. 2s.*

This is the first composition of Wodarch's we have had the opportunity of meeting with, and (as we had reason to expect) does credit to his well-known judgment and taste.

It is a pleasing andante grazioso, (in 6-8 time,) and, being written for Miss Love, is within a moderate compass of voice; the symphonies, modulations, and harmonics, we think superior to the words and melody, which too much remind one of Webber's old favourite song, "The Rose had been Wash'd." A pretty sketch of a hand and flowers ornaments the title.

*Andante con Variazioni for the Piano-Forte; composed and dedicated to J. B. Cramer, by his Friend, L'Schlesinger. Op. 8. Cramer and Co. 3s.*

This is also the first work of the above composer that has been sent to us; and presents a favourable specimen of genius, talent, and excellent musical education. The theme is a very short, but well modulated, "morceau" of harmony, (in A flat 2-4 time;) and the eight variations present music of the first class, but requiring a good pianist to do them justice; it will, however, repay the practice necessarily requisite. Schlesinger is a performer of high rank upon the piano-forte, and played a difficult concerto of Hummel's at the first Philharmonic Concert last year.

*Sweet to thy Slumbers away! A Ballad written and composed by J. A. Wade, Esq. Latour. 2s.*

A PLEASING triple of Moore's school, "gallant and gay," easy of performance, and within the compass of the octave F in the first space, and that on the fifth line.

We have not the pleasure of acquaintance with Mr. Wade, or his peculiar rank in society, but as, from the number of his writings and compositions, (and having had a benefit concert,) he must evidently be considered a musical professor, we are at a loss to know why, upon all occasions, he has Esquire added to his name, more especially than any other writer of words, and exclusive from all composers of music. Illustrative of this, we may mention, that on the last page of the song is a catalogue of vocal pieces published by Latour, and in which appear the names of near a score of popular composers, out of which list of plain unvarnished J.s, W.s, R.s, &c., stands always conspicuously J. Augustine Wade, Esq.! The very clever and admired writer we have noticed at the head of this article, is frequently denominated "Tom Moore," and we never remember to have seen any compositions of W. A. Mozart, Esq. We should feel obliged by an explanation of this.

*Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with Embellishments for the Flute. Dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 3.) Cocks and Co. 3s.*

AGREEABLY to promise, we notice the Third Number of this pleasing little work, which contains the following judicious selection of desirable pieces, viz.—No. 1. "Poor Mary Anne," the favourite Welsh melody, embellished by R. Dressler. No. 2, "Non piu mesta," an Aria in Rossini's Cenerentola, arranged by W. Forde. No. 3, "My lodging is on the cold ground," with four showy variations by Dressler. No. 4, "O Nanny!" also with similar variations. No. 5, Haydn's "God preserve the Emperor." No. 6, Rossini's Polacca Finale, from "Il Barbiere," arranged as a duet for two Flutes, by Berbiguier. And No. 7, a pleasing Portuguese Air, with embellishments.

*A Grand March and Finale for the Piano Forte. Composed, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Society of the Temple, by George Warne, Organist of the Temple Church. Published by the Author. 2s.*

A short large in E flat (in the unusual time of 12) introduces a clever and spirited March in the same key, in which the composer (with the best intention) has been so desirous to well define for the performer proper punctuation and character, that he has set and divided the quavers and semiquavers, &c., from each other, in such a peculiar manner, as to make appear like vocal music divested of the words, and thereby added considerably to the difficulty of reading it, especially by the multitude. The whole, however, is a specimen of the propriety of modulation, a general good taste, evinced in all Warne's writing, and is a very pleasing production of its class.

*Home, sweet Home! a celebrated Air, with Variations for the Violoncello; and "Isabel," a celebrated Spanish Air, with similar Variations, both having Accompaniments for a Bass. By John Peile. Published by Goulding and Co., each 2s.*

To all amateurs of the violoncello, these arrangements must be exceedingly acceptable, so few pieces of that instrument being published. They are expressly well adapted, and not very difficult, hence will be of also of especial service to teachers. They are both in the familiar key of D, and very clear and perspicuous.

## PHRENOLOGY.

"Let no man condemn a science he does not understand." D. W.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—The subject of Phrenology has recently been discussed at the Westminster Medical Society, being brought forward by Dr. Epps, who laid before the members a brief but concise history of the science in question, together with a description of the doctrine laid down by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; and, notwithstanding a strong opposition made by several members, it appeared to gain considerable ground. Amongst general opponents, we perceive that the majority of them are ignorant of the fundamental principles of the science, or are only acquainted with such a knowledge as to enable them to turn it into ridicule. Phrenologists not unfrequently find their opponents entirely ignorant of the structure of the brain, anatomically\* as well as phrenologically,—ignorant of the formation of the bones of the skull upon the forehead, and deny the plurality of organs, which were revived by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, having been known to the ancient philosophers for centuries past. If it is not Phrenology that has aided philosophers in the present day in ascribing accurately the functions of the brain, and what is more important, in pointing out the seat of disease in many of the maladies we are subject to;—if it is not this science I will ask the opponents of Phrenology what it is. Again, through the researches of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, we become better acquainted with the anatomy of the brain and nervous system, and this turned the attention of medical practitioners to the cure of cases of insanity, and in many instances with success. Let the opponents of Phrenology collect that this interesting science is yet in its infancy, and that it is not uncommon to find an opposition to any new doctrine that may be brought forward, whereby mankind may be benefited. When that illustrious physician, Vesalius, pointed out the errors of Galen, he was assailed, ill-treated, and even personally injured by the Spanish Inquisition. When our countryman, Dr. William Harvey, discovered the true circulation of the blood, his theories were denied, and he was assailed with the most vituperative language that could be uttered against him, by anatomists and physiologists, both at home and abroad; but what was the consequence? These eminent men soon found, only a short time was required to prove the truth of their assertions. So it is with Phrenology. The I trust, is not far distant, when phrenology will be generally studied as a branch of medical education; the brain will be phrenologically dissected, (and here me observe, it is the only true mode of ascertaining its structure;) and when professors of Phrenology be appointed in every University and Academic institution throughout Great Britain.

H. W.

\* This phrase is used here to signify the mode adopted of dissecting the brain, by anatomists of the day.

## VARIETIES.

RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

## THE BLIND BOOKSELLER OF AUGSBOURG.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsbourg is a bookseller, of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose surprising spirit has enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than eight thousand volumes, which are, of course, frequently subject to change and renewal; but, soon as he acquires a new stock, the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch, to estimate it at any period, however distant, and his memory, never fails him in regard to its arrangement in the shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and knowledge on books in general, has procured him a large custom; and, under such extraordinary natural advantages, he has become a useful, and happily will be a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

## SALE OF PICTURES.

The lovers of the Fine Arts will find much to admire in a magnificent collection of Italian, Dutch, and Flemish paintings, to be sold by Mr. Phillips of Bond-street, on Saturday next. Having been admitted to a private view of this splendid collection, we owe it as a duty to our readers, to indicate to them where they may derive the same high gratification.

## LIVERY SEISIN.

Two men of the village of Berney, in the Department of the Loire, had very recently a dispute on their respective rights to a small piece of marshy ground; one claiming a moiety, the other totality. Two experts were summoned, and the litigants argued their respective claims with the utmost energy. He who demanded the moiety, was a grenadier; while the other was of a middling stature; but, notwithstanding the latter's disparity in size, his tongue was far the more active of the two. The grenadier, at last, vexed and wearied with such a discussion, exclaimed, taking his opponent into his arms, 'If you will have it, take it; at the same time, putting him in possession, by lodging him up to a tree, a neck in the bog, where he left him to speculate at his leisure on the nature of his property, and profit by the lesson in this novel practice of the law. Preston, which only could not have made a more effectual conveyance having to do with the soil.

## LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE has greatly disappointed the Parisians, the true friends of whom are eager for interest and excitement, and with whom, since the marriage of Mademoiselle Lafitte, have again come into fashion. Poets and the men of law and medicine, and the gendarmerie, in the Chamber of Deputies, were all on the *qui vive*: bow-string of expectation was strung tight, but was suddenly relaxed, with a twang that has (to speak more of sorrow than of joy in it; for there was nothing to substitute for the promised pleasures of *La Chaise*, and all Paris would have sunk into the lowest depths of despair, had not the trial of instance and her husband, and the hoped-for appearance of Mademoiselle Mars in open court, been the moment announced, and La Fayette was, of course, as instantly forgotten. The old gentleman content to live on, until Savary's Memoirs shall have had their day; and when M. Bossange is wholly leisure, and no other public event occupies the minds of his compatriots, perhaps he may condescend to die, lying on the sick bed, and supposed by his physicians to be asleep, one of the latter observed to his colleague, 'that the Parisians were all furnishing themselves with the uniform of the National Guards to attend his funeral.' La Fayette was, however, alive, and, turning to them, observed, 'As moins que m'accusera pas d'être de cette conspiration.'

## ANECDOTE.

What possible utility can there be in Lords — ?' observed an ancient Croaker, a few days ago, to his friend. 'To be made Lords Privy Seal, President, to be sure,' replied the latter. This was in mind of the answer of Brindley, the engineer Duke of Bridgewater, on his Grace's demanding, 'How Providence had accorded so many and such fine works in England?' 'For the supply of canals, undoubtedly, your Grace,' observed the man of science.

## PASSAGE FROM TAYLOR'S INTRODUCTION TO 'THE ORPHIC HYMNS.'

To the Editor of the *Athenaeum*.

SIR,—In perusing, the other day, an octavo volume, lately published by Hunt and Clarke, under the title of 'The Rev. C. Judkin's Oriental Mission,' my attention was particularly excited by a truly beautiful passage, descriptive of the sublime and scientific theology promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato. The passage would occupy too much of your space, or I should feel great pleasure in extracting it; but you will find it at page 386. I have, however, to charge the author with a want of liberality and candour in not quoting his authority. It is taken nearly *verbatim* from the masterly Introduction (see page xxiv.) to the second edition of Mr. Thomas Taylor's valuable 'Translation of the Orphic Hymns.'

I am sorry to add, that this is not the only instance I have met with of writers freely availing themselves, *without acknowledgment*, of the inestimable labours of my erudite and philosophic friend,—a man distinguished for whatever can adorn the scholar, the gentleman, and the philosopher. His unexampled efforts in the dissemination of the ancient philosophy, and the singular felicity with which he has unfolded the recondite doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, entitle him to the grateful thanks of every admirer of the genius and wisdom of antiquity. The tribute of applause which has been so generally paid to his astonishing labours by the discerning literati in foreign countries, forms a striking and cheering contrast to the acrimonious scurrility and abusive malevolence with which he has been assailed by the ignorant, the envious, and the bigoted, among his own countrymen.

Believing the author of 'The Oriental Mission' to belong to neither of the above classes, I confidently expect that he will seize the first opportunity of making the *amende honorable*.—Your obedient servant,

Soho, May 26.

J. W., jun.

To the Editor of the *Athenaeum*.

SIR,—In the 9th Number of 'The Verulam,' (which I am pleased to find incorporated with 'The Athenaeum,') is a communication recommending the adoption of what the humane Correspondent terms 'Stone Rail Roads,' as used at Milan, and at other towns on the continent, and by which a very great saving is made in the labour of horses. Now, Sir, I would suggest that the experiment be tried on the steep ascents leading from the coal-wharfs in the Strand, where six and eight horses are required to draw up a laden coal-waggon, and that with great difficulty. On the proposed road, four would be sufficient, as has been proved by experiment. I am, Sir, with great respect, your constant reader,

J.

## EPITAPH ON A RACE HORSE.

(From Ausonius.)

CHARGER of Light !\* through the echoing halls,  
Amid ten thousand battle calls,  
From the warriors who darken'd the marble walls,

Thy feet and fire have bounded along.

Courser of Light ! the proud, the free,  
What earthly being shall frighten thee  
From thy mighty laugh of victory ?

Charger of Light ! thou art gone to the land  
Where the course is strew'd with rose-leaf sand,  
And many a sun-bright charger band  
Shall bear thee company.

R. A. W.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE 23.—Degrees, at a Congregation, on Wednesday last:

M.-A. : Rev. R. Skinner, Sidney College.  
B. A. : T. Bond and E. Holland, Trinity College.—H. Roper, St. John's College.—S. Barker, St. Peter's College.—G. R. Barclay, Catharine Hall.

At the same Congregation, the title of Professor of Political Economy was conferred on S. Prynne, Esq., who has for some time past delivered lectures on the subject.

Another Grace has also been passed, to permit Masters of Arts to leave Strangers in the Fitzwilliam Museum while engaged there.

The Regulations for B. A. degree Examinations proposed in the Syndic Report of March 27, 1828, have been confirmed.

\* 'Phosphorus,' the name of the original, I have translated 'Charger of Light.'

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the month of June will be published, in an Imperial 4to volume, with numerous engravings, 'Buddhism,' illustrated from original manuscripts of its Doctrine, Metaphysics, and Philosophy, accompanied by forty-three Engravings lithographed from the Cingalese originals, demonstrative of their Scheme of the Universe and the Personal Attributes of the Buddha; also, Notices of the Planetary or Ball Incantations of the Demon Worship still existing in that Island. By Edward Upde, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, F. S. A.

The Second Number of the Picturesque Tour of the River Thames will appear in June.

In the course of the present month, in 2 vols., 8vo., 'Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia.' By an Officer of the Colombian Navy.

'The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud,' by John P. Lawson, M. A., is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo.

The Rev. Richard Warner will shortly publish an edition of the Book of Psalms, according to the authorized version, with Practical Reflections and Notes, in one octavo volume.

In the press, in 8vo., 'The Casket,' a Miscellany, consisting of Original Poems, by some of the best living Authors.

Captain Geo. Beaulieu, 10th Infantry, who, with another Officer of the Garrison of Gibraltar, accompanied Dr. Brown, in July 1826, on a Medical Mission to the Sultan of Morocco, is about to publish an account of his travels, and of his residence at the Capital of that Empire, under the title of a 'Journey to Morocco.'

## NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Waldstein, or the Swedes of Spain, from the German of Madame C. Pichler, by J. D. Rosenthal, 2 vols., 12mo., 15s. Opie's 'Draughts Displayed,' 12mo., 7s. 6d.

Freese's 'Cannibis' Compendium, royal 8vo., 20s.

M'Cormac on Stammering, post 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Jardine's Index, making the 34th vol. to the State Trials, royal 8vo., 11s. 6d.

Luby's Introductory Treatise to Physical Astronomy, 8vo., 12s. The East India Register and Directory for 1828, second edition, 10s.

The Art of Tying the Cravat, third edition, 18mo., 3s.

My Early Years, 12mo., 3s.

Fuller on Communion, 12mo., 4s. 6d.

Tales and Sketches, by Jacob Ruddiman, M. A., post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Voltaire's Charles XII., French, new edition, revised by Catty, 12mo., 4s. 6d.

The Waverley Dramas, 2 vols., 24mo., 11s.

Sankay's Rhymes on Geography and History, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

Miss Mitford's Our Village, vol. 3, post 8vo., 9s.

Milne's Plans for the Floating Off of Stranded Vessels, 8vo., 3s.

Impye's Stamp Acts, second edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.

The Bacchid and Heraclid of Euripides, in English prose, from Elmsley's Text, 8vo., 4s. 6d.

Tyler's History of Scotland, vol. 1, 8vo., 12s.

Roberson on the Mortality of Children, 12mo., 7s.

Best's Transheneane Memoirs, 8vo., 8s.

Rennie on the Gout, Apoplexy, Paralysis, and Disorders of the Nervous System, 8vo., 8s. 6d.

Alcock's Descriptions of the Principal Hospitals of Paris, with some Account of the Practice of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons, 18mo., 3s. 6d.

Marriage; the Source, Stability, and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A. M., 12mo., 5s.

Bailey's Exposition of the Parables, 8vo., 14s.

Parsing Lessons to Homer's Iliad, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

A Companion for the Visitor at Brussels, 8vo., 4s. 6d.

Smart's Literal Translation of Virgil, new edition, 6s.

Pusey on the Theology of Germany, 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury, 12mo., 4s.

Sermons on Christianity, new edition, 12mo., 3s.

D'Israeli's Life and Reign of Charles I., King of England, 2 vols., demy 8vo., 21s.

The Missionary Gazetteer, by Charles Williams, 12mo., 8s.

Bigland's Ancient and Modern History, 6s., 12mo.

New Week's Preparation, 2 parts, each 2s.

Audijo's Ascent of Mount Blanc, 4vo., 21s.

Smith's Compendium Flora Britannica, fifth edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.

The Golden Treasury, 12mo., 4s.

Edinburgh Medical-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 3, part 1, 12s.

Snow's Minor Poems, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.

Blunt's Eight Lectures, 12mo., 4s. 6d.

Jewsbury's Letters to the Young, &c., 6s.

Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, 2 vols., 8vo., 21s.

Forsyth's First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry, 12mo., 8s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	May.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
						E. S. NE. W.
Mon.	19	65° 55°	29. 52	E.	Serene.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	20	63 56	29. 48	Ditto.	Cloudy.	Do. Cumul.
Wed.	21	57 57	29. 25	Ditto.	Rainy.	Ditto.
Thur.	22	56 56	29. 20	NE. to E.	Showers.	Do. Nimb.
Frid.	23	57 57	29. 20	N. to NE.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Satur.	24	62 58	29. 10	S. W.	Showers.	Cum. Nimb.
Sun.	25	67 60	29.	Ditto.	Fair.	Cumul.

Rain on the nights of Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Mornings fair except on Saturday.

## Astronomical Observations.

Venus at the greatest elongation on Monday.

The Sun and Mercury in sup. conj. on Friday at 4 o'clock P.M.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 19° 23' in Cancer.

Saturn's ditto ditto 6° 59' in Scorpio.

Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours.

Sun's hourly motion, 2° 23' plus.

Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, .005829.

**MADDOX-STREET GALLERY**, opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square.—AN EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the GREAT MASTERS is open daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

The GRAND FRESCOS, by PAUL VERONESE, from the Soranzo Palace, are on View at this Gallery; together with some of the finest works of CLAUDE LORRAIN and RICHARD WILSON.—Admittance 1s.

This day is published, in 8vo., price 12s., and in 4to., on India paper, price 14s.,

**TWENTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS**, (accompanied by Quotations and Descriptions,) illustrative of JULIUS CAESAR, and ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, being No. VII. of the SPIRIT of the PLAYS of SHAKESPEARE: a Series of Outline Plates, exhibiting the Story of each Play, Drawn and Engraved by FRANK HOWARD, and Dedicated, with permission, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

London: printed for T. Cadell, Strand, (Bookseller to the Royal Academy;) C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster-row; and J. Booker, New Bond-street. To be had also of Mr. F. Howard, No. 5, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

\* \* \* The Preceding Numbers may had separately. No. VIII., containing 'The Merchant of Venice,' will be published on the 1st of June.

**WILDS'S ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.**  
THE SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully informed, that the interior of ELY CATHEDRAL and HENRY VII's CHAPEL are now ready for Delivery, where may be had Two Views of York Cathedral, Interior and Exterior; also shortly will be published, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and Oxford Cathedral. The Prints are carefully coloured and mounted; size, 11 inches by 15. Price 11. 1s. each.

FEANNER'S ATLAS.

On the 1st of June will be published, A POCKET ATLAS, embodying a complete Set of Maps, Illustrative of Modern and Ancient Geography: engraved in Eighty Plates, by RUST FEANNER. Price, coloured, 11. 1s. 6d., plain, 11. 1s., neatly half-bound; either Series may be had separately.—Modern, coloured, 11. 1s., plain, 11s.—Ancient, coloured, 12s., plain, 9s. It will be found to be the most perfect, compact, and economical Atlas ever offered to the Public. London: Robert Jennings, 3, Poultry.

**MR. TURNER'S VIEWS IN YORKSHIRE.**  
A SERIES of TWENTY VIEWS from DRAWINGS by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A. Executed in the very best style of the art, by the most celebrated Engravers.

Size of each Plate, 13 inches long by 11 high. Price 57. 5s. the complete set on French paper, or 10s. 10s. on India, and any Plate is sold separate.

\* \* \* A List of the subjects, with the names of the Engravers, may be had ( gratis) on application to the Publishers, Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall-Mall; and F. G. Moon, 20, Threadneedle-street.

Of whom also may be had,

1. COLOGNE ON THE RHINE; a most superb specimen of Engraving, by GOODALL, after a Drawing by Mr. Turner. Size, 21 inches by 16 high. From the extreme delicacy of this Plate, there were no Prints taken, and after a very limited number of Proofs, the Plate was totally destroyed. French Proofs, price 2s. 12s. 6d., or on India Paper, before the letters, 3s. 13s. 6d.

2. OLD LONDON BRIDGE and VICINITY; beautifully engraved by GOODALL, after most interesting Drawing by Mr. Turner, of a Structure which will shortly disappear. Size, 14 inches by 10 high. Prints, 7s. 6d.; Proofs, 15s.; before Letters, 21s.

**THE SEAT OF WAR.**  
On Thursday next will be published, in one thick Volume, post 8vo., price 12s. extra boards.

**A NARRATIVE of a JOURNEY from CONSTANTINOPLE to ENGLAND.** Illustrated with Engravings and Maps of the Environs of Constantinople, and of the Author's Route through the present Seat of War. By the Rev. R. WALSH, L.L.D., M.R.I.A., &c. &c.

London: printed for Frederick Westley and A. H. Davies, 10, Stationer's Hall Court, and Ave Maria Lane.

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.**  
This day is published, in two Volumes 8vo., illustrated with a Map and Engravings, price 21s., boards.

**RESEARCHES in SOUTH AFRICA;** illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes; including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior, together with detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the influence of Christianity in promoting Civilization. By the Rev. JOHN PHILIP, D.D., Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c.

A very interesting Work, entitled, "Researches in South Africa, &c.," has just been given to the public by Dr. Philip, Superintendent of the London Missionary Society Missions to the Cape. It is full of valuable information respecting the progress made by the Missionaries in instructing and civilizing the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Caffres, and presents a view of the characters of these People very different from that which those interested in degrading them have falsely attributed to them. Whosoever wishes to obtain accurate and authentic information on the latter point, may turn, with confidence, to this publication.—*Times*, April 24.

We recommend Dr. Philip's work to every one interested in the important questions which he examines, whether they agree with or are adverse to him.—*Literary Gazette*, 17th May, 1828.

This is the most important Work connected with the Colonial Policy and Coloured Population of the British Empire which has come before us since we commenced our Review. It ought to be carefully perused by every friend of humanity, who desires to promote the spread of liberty, civilization, and true religion, over the world.—*London Weekly Review*, April 26.

London: printed for James Duncan, Paternoster Row.

**THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of ENGLISH HISTORY**, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open at Messrs. HARDING and LEARPD'S, No. 4, Pall Mall East.

Admittance by Tickets only, which may be had on application as above.

R. MONTGOMERY, Esq.  
**THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE** for June 1828, price One Shilling, will contain a highly-finished Portrait (taken expressly for this Work) and a Memoir of R. MONTGOMERY, Esq., Author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' &c. &c.

Published by H. Fisher, Son, and Co., 38, Newgate-st., London.

The following Works are just ready for publication, by HENRY COLBURN, 8, New Burlington-street.

**THE POETICAL WORKS of THOMAS CAMPBELL**, Esq., elegantly printed in 2 vols., post 8vo., with a Portrait by Barnet, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, 18s.

**MEMOIRS of the LIFE and REIGN of CHARLES I.** By J. DISRAELI. 2 vols. 8vo.

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